THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"SUIVEZ MOI!"

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

A bold, clear cry upon the fields of France—
"Suivez moi, soldats—suivez! à la mort!"
Down the long line the glittering sabres glance,
Through the blue silence, hark! the answering roar!
The bearded lip compressed: the glorious eye
Lit with the fire of a martial soul:
The arm upraised, give vigor to the cry,
"Courage, mes enfans!"—onward to the goal—
"Compagnons! 'suivez moi!"

II.

A trumpet-blast upon Tyrolean peaks,
"Suivez moi, heros!"—o'er a thousand lakes,
It quivers like the pæan of the Greeks,
Till men upstart and slumbering Freedom wakes!
Bare brows reveal their glory to the dawn,
The mountain-breeze blows freshly down the gorge,
A bow—a quiver! On—to triumph—on!
The tyrant breathes not, brothers, who shall forge
Our fetters—"suivez moi!"

III.

How the proud call goes thrilling through my heart,
Finding an echo in each quickening vein;
Death, like a sombre curtain rent apart,
Shows but the light beyond,—the glittering plain
Where heroes—sages—martyrs, thronging, meet,
Won by the "suivez moi!" of some high aim.
Oh, lagging pilgrim in the silent street—
Dost catch the droppings of that tongue of flame?
Arise, thee! "suivez moi!"

Philadelphia.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Ten days went on, ten whole days of this unsatisfactory life. I seemed estranged from everybody: from Mrs. Penn, from Mr. Chandos: and I had never been intimate with any one else in the house.

I had said to Mrs. Penn, in my bitterness, that I would not leave; but, to leave, I now determined. The life was intolerable. He sitting with me, in contact with me every hour of the day, feeding the love that held sure possession of me; and she, his wife, up stairs, haunting my memory as a spectre. No, stay on I could not.

I wrote to Madame de Mellissie, telling her that I felt obliged to cancel my engagement with her, and to quit Chandos; and I wrote to the Miss Barlieus, asking them to receive me while I looked out for another situation. In that house of abstracted letters and rifled envelopes, a fancy came to me that these two letters might not be safe if I placed them on the hall table, that they might never reach their destination: so I resolved to take them myself to the post.

But the post-office was two miles off. Well, what of that? It was a fine afternoon; and, by putting my best foot foremost, I should be back before dusk. Putting my things on, I departed; but, in going out of the portico, I encountered Mrs. Penn, and she arrested me.

"Do you know that you are looking ill—that this struggle is telling upon you?" she abruptly exclaimed, but in a tone full of kindness. "Why don't you make an effort, and quit it?"

"The effort is made," I wailed out, half in anger, half in despair, as I held to her view the letters in my hand. "Here is the announcement to those who will receive me.—As soon as their answer arrives I bid adieu to Chandos."

"Anne, you have done well," she answered, as she passed into the house, and I out of the portico.

Leaning against the pillar was Mr. Chandos, who must have heard what had been said. That she was unconscious of his vicinity, I was certain, and, for myself, I started when I saw him. He spoke to me, but I pretended not to hear, and walked quickly away.

I did not put my best foot foremost, for I was musing on my situation, and it caused me to walk lingeringly; the consequence was that it was nearly dusk when I reached the post-office. Dropping my letters in, I set off home again.

Faster, this time. There was a lane near to Chandos, which cut off a portion of the road, and led to a small entrance gate at an obscure part of the grounds: the laurel gate, it was called, because many laurels grew near it. Down this lane I turned—as I thought; and had got some considerable distance when I came to a cottage. A cottage I had never seen before; and was very sorry to see it now, for it showed me that I had turned down the wrong lane.

It was a waste of time that vexed me; but all I could do was to retrace my steps and take the right one. It was nearly dark night when I at length got to the laurel gate: some of the stars were shining then.

The gate was unlatched, as if the last person who passed through had omitted to close it. A narrow path led to several other narrow paths, which branched off through the trees; I hesitated which to take, not being certain which would lead me soonest to the house; and as I stood thinking, a dark form advanced towards me from one of them. A form whose outlines, as he drew nearer, grew upon my recognition: it was that of Mr. Edwin Barley. With a faint cry, which he must have heard, I darted down the path furthest from him.

The dark night, the story of the ghost, the proximity of the man I so dreaded, and my own lonely situation, all pressed upon my mind with the force of terror. Panting, breathless, agitated, on I tore, not knowing but he was after me, and was only arrested by seeing another dark form in my path.—Was it Mr. Edwin Barley come round to encounter me by some short way that I knew nothing of? No, it was too tall for him.—Another moment, and I saw that it was Mr. Chandos.

With a sense of protection that was as a very balm to my spirit, I flew to him and seized his arm. All considerations were merged in the moment's bewilderment: I forgot his recent conduct; I forgot that he, a married man, had insulted me with his profession of love; I forgot my own self-esteem; standing there, he appeared to me only as a guardian angel, and I clung to him for shelter.

"Oh, Mr. Chandos! In mercy, protect me!"

Quick as a flash of lightning, his arm was thrown round me, and I was clasped to his side: he must have felt the throbs of my beating heart.

"What has alarmed you?" he tenderly whispered.

"I came through the laurel gate, and I—I thought I saw a man walking there. I thought he might be following me, and that I should not outrun him."

"What man?"

"I cannot tell," I answered; for still I had an invincible repugnance to mention Mr. Edwin Barley to Mr. Chandos. Was it that I feared he, Mr. Chandos, might turn back in his anger, and an encounter of violence be the result? We stood still and listened.—Every nerve, every sense possessed by me, was strained to catch the sound of footsteps; stealthy ones, or in bold pursuit: but none approached.

"What was it I overheard Mrs. Penn say to you—or rather what did I hear you say to her?" resumed Mr. Chandos. "About quitting us. What did it mean?"

The question recalled me to the present; to all I had forgotten; and, as I answered, I strove to draw away from those arms which, of all in the world, ought not to have encircled me. I might as well have tried to uproot any of the large trees we were passing; not more firmly did the ground hold them than he held me."

"If you overheard my words, Mr. Chandos, you need not be at a loss for their meaning. I am going to quit Chandos."

"Anne, it must not be. I cannot part with you."

The avowal angered me; and I strove more strenuously to extricate myself. But what was my strength against his firm grasp?

"Anne, my darling, I say that I cannot part with you: it would be like parting with life. It may be—visions of it have for some days past come over me—that time will so work things round, that there will be no necessity for us to part at all. Stay here; stay to gladden me; stay, at least, until events call you away; but do not depart of your own free will."

He leaned suddenly down to press his kisses upon my face. That I was utterly unprepared for such a procedure, I need not say. Was he insane? or only a villain?

"I could not help it," he whispered in a tone of apology, while I was recovering breath and equanimity. "I know it is both wrong and foolish; but a man has not always his actions under cold control. You must forgive me, Anne."

A variety of emotions, of thoughts, arose and nearly choked me. His words told upon me worse than his kisses. How could things work round so that he might be free, save by one event, the death of his wife?—and she was young and healthy! How dared he, during this, her life, urge me to remain there to gladden him? I burst into hysterical tears, born of indignation and of excitement; and little recked I what I said in my passion, as I wrenched myself from him.

"Things work round, Mr. Chandos! Are your thoughts glancing to a second murder?"

"Anne! You might have spared me that," he exclaimed, in a tone of wailing pain.

"How have you spared me?"

"It may end brightly yet; it may indeed. Do not reproach me."

"Good-evening, sir."

I sped away from him as quickly as the darkness and the intersecting trees permitted. He did not attempt to follow me; or, if he did, I knew nothing of it; for, in my hurry, I turned into a path that led from the house, not to it. Nothing but encounters; the next thing was, I ran against a man and woman, who were standing, whispering together. The woman was Lizzy; and she gave a smothered, frightened shriek as I touched her; the man I did not know, so far as I could tell, peering at him through the evening gloom.

"Good heavens above! how you startled me, miss!"

"Why so, Lizzy?"

"Because—because—I was not expecting anybody to come up, if truth must be told. And in, this ghostly place, folks flying upon one sudden, is enough to turn one's heart inside out."

"I suppose I am going right for the house, Lizzy?"

"You are going right away from it, miss. If you want to get to the house, you must go that way, not this. Keep straight on till you come to that white statute with the basket of flowers in its hand, and then turn to the left; you'll soon see the house then."

I obeyed her directions. But, before I had reached the statue—the goddess Flora—fleet steps were approaching from behind, in pursuit of me. To use Lizzy's expression, my heart felt as if turned inside out, for I feared Mr. Edwin Barley. Only Lizzy. What a relief!

"Miss," she began in the softest whisper, "I have run up to ask you not to betray that you saw me talking to that young man. I don't want the servants to be making their comments upon him."

"How should I betray it, Lizzy? I do not know him. If I met him to-morrow in broad daylight, I should not recognize him again."

"But please, miss, don't say you saw me speaking with any one. It's not a sweetheart, I do assure you. Those servants are such dreadful curiosity-mongers."

"You need not fear. It is no affair of mine. And I am not in the habit of talking to the servants."

I continued my way. Lizzy, I think, followed me, but slowly. The statue arrived at, I struck into a broader walk, and the windows and lights of the house became visible. In this walk there was a garden chair; and, to my excessive surprise, somebody was seated in it. It proved to be Mrs. Penn, but I don't know that I should have recognized her, had she not spoken.

"Is it you, Anne Hereford? What a long while you have been out!"

"I missed my way, and that made me longer. You are sitting out late in the cold."

"I have not sat down many minutes. I have been watching."

"Watching!"

"Yes; watching. Who do you think I have seen in the grounds?" she added, in a voice of importance that called forth my wonder. "But you will never guess. Of all the dwellers at Chandos, I mean the family, which of them should you judge to be the least likely to be in the grounds, promenading as if to take the air?"

"The least likely would be Lady Chandos."

"Yet it was Lady Chandos I saw."

"Impossible, Mrs. Penn!"

"Impossible or possible, Lady Chandos it was," she answered in a resolute tone. "I can tell you I rubbed my eyes when I caught sight of her, believing they must see things that were not. She was walking in that obscure walk beyond the pines."

"Then I say, with miss, here, that it's just impossible," cried Lizzy, from behind me, causing Mrs. Penn to start—for it appeared the girl had halted as I did. "My lady's no more capable of walking out, than a babby just born."

"What on earth brings you there?" exclaimed Mrs. Penn. "It's Lizzy, is it not?"

"It's me, safe enough, ma'am," said Lizzy. "I happened to be following Miss Hereford. Why, my lady haven't been out of her bed for weeks! It's not likely she could be walking in the grounds."

"Did you not hear me say I saw her?" sharply repeated Mrs. Penn to Lizzy. "It was Lady Chandos, and nobody else."

"When was it?" I asked. "Long ago?"

"It was at dusk. She was dressed all in black, and seemed to have a black silk cloak on, with the hood of it, quite covering her head. But she pushed it somewhat back, as I was looking through the trees, which gave me a distinct view of her face."

"Where do you say this was, ma'am?" questioned Lizzy.

"In that dark walk beyond the pines, where nobody goes."

"How came you to go there, Mrs. Penn?" I interposed.

"I hardly know. I strolled on unthinkingly, buried in my reflections. I am positive it was Lady Chandos. But it is a strange and mysterious thing that she should be walking there, when she is said to be disabled in her bed."

"Said to be!" took up Lizzy, "she is. It was no more my lady walking there, than it was me. The very fact of its being that walk, would prove that it couldn't be her; it's close upon the ghost's walk, and my lady wouldn't go a nigh it, no, not if you bribed her with gold."

"I don't know where the mystery lies, or what it is, but it was certainly Lady Chandos," persisted Mrs. Penn. "I got tired, and came and sat here, watching whether she would pass back: but I suppose there are several walks she could return by. Lizzy, how obstinate you look over it!"

"And enough to make me ma'am, when I know that my lady it *could not* be. When there's a doubt whether a person will ever get out of their bed again, it don't stand to reason as that person could be walking in the garden of a dark, cold, damp evening."

"It's not damp," said Mrs. Penn. "Do you see much of her ladyship, Lizzy?"

"Me! She's a deal too ill for me to see much of her, Mrs. Penn. Sometimes I just straighten her room and bed-clothes quite early of a morning, as early as seven o'clock. She never speaks to me, but lies with her face down upon the pillow. Mrs. Hill won't let me go in all the day after: she says my lady's too ill to have more than one about her, worrying; and she waits upon her herself. No, no; it never was my lady. Unless—unless—oh!"

Lizzy finished off with a shrill scream. It caused us all to draw nearer together. We asked her what she meant.

"It's just this," whispered Lizzy, in an awe-struck tone, as she glanced over her shoulder with a shiver. "To-day at mid-day, Hill was in distress, and when we servants asked her what was the matter, she said my lady was worse, was as ill as she could be. Now it's well known that when folks die, they often appear to others at a distance: perhaps my lady's gone, and it was her spirit that appeared to Mrs. Penn. Oh, yes!" she uttered, with another wailing shriek, "it's sure to be! it's sure to be!"

We shrieked in concert. The gloomy darkness, the gloomy, superstitious words, the near neighborhood of the ghostly spot, all tended to unstring our nerves: and I and Mrs. Penn involuntarily seized hold of each other, and came near shrieking out as loud as Lizzy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INSIDE THE WEST WING.

We went creeping into the house, I, Mrs. Mrs. Penn and Lizzy, our hearts trembling, and fearing lest we might see the spirit of Lady Chandos under every tree. "Ridiculously superstitious!" scoffs the reader. So it was: and we should have scoffed at it ourselves in broad, open daylight: but superstitious feelings come and go very much according to the attendant circumstances of time and place.

We glanced up at the windows of the west wing, but could gather no information, for the heavy, dark curtains were already drawn. At the hall door stood Hickens.

"How is Lady Chandos?" I impulsively inquired.

"I haven't thought to ask this afternoon, miss. I suppose she's much as usual."

"Isn't she dead, Mr. Hickens?" put in Lizzy.

"Dead!" he echoed, staring at the girl. "Any way, there's a basin of arrow-root just gone up for her, and I never heard that dead people could eat. What crotchet have you taken hold of, Lizzy, woman?"

I think we all looked a little foolish. No more was said, and we went in. I saw Mr. Chandos in the oak parlor, as I passed it to ascend the stairs. Hickens came after me.

"The dinner is ready to be served, miss. It has been waiting for you."

"Very well," I said running on. But an impulse came over me that I would not dine down stairs that evening, and I rang for Harriet, and sent her to say so, making a headache the plea of excuse. Harriet believed it to be a genuine one, and brought some tea to my room and lighted a fire. There I remained, pondering over my situation. Submit to those impromptu tokens of affection from Mr. Chandos, I would not; and it seemed that the only sure way to avoid them, would be to quit Chandos at once, without waiting for the reply of the Miss Barlieus. I might make sure of finding them in the old spot, and equally sure of a welcome. But, when I came to consider details, the plan did not appear so feasible as at first sight—unless I could obtain an interview with Lady Chandos. I was living under her roof; her guest; and, to depart from it in that hasty manner, would look not only like an ungrateful procedure, but very much as though I had quitted it clandestinely.

Harriet came in and interrupted my thoughts. "Hickens bade me come and say that the tea was ready in the oak parlor, miss. Would you please to go down?"

"You might have told Hickens that I had taken tea, Harriet. I shall not go down again to-night."

"Very well," replied the girl. "You'd have it all to yourself, miss, if you did go, for Mr. Chandos said he should not be in the parlor to tea this evening."

What possessed her to say that? Did she suspect that the cause of my reluctance to go down was Mr. Chandos? My cheeks burnt at the thought; but I took no notice of the words.

"Do you happen to know, Harriet, how Lady Chandos is this evening?"

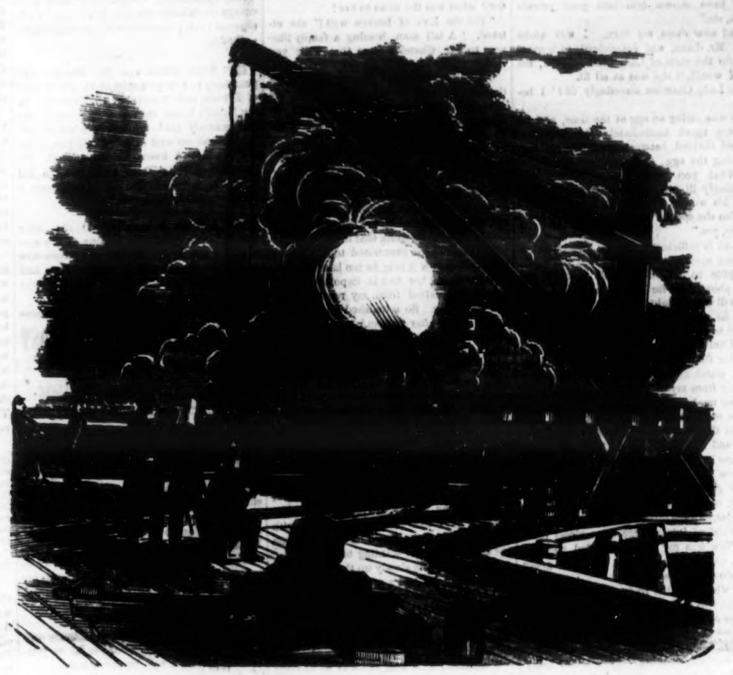
"Her ladyship's a trifle better, miss. I have just heard Hill say so."

Harriet left the room; and I sat on thinking as before. I was making my mind up *to see* Lady Chandos. That it could only be accomplished by stratagem I knew, for Hill was as a very dragon, guarding that west wing. If it was really Lady Chandos who had been pacing the grounds—and Mrs. Penn was positive in her assertion and belief—she must undoubtedly be well enough to speak to me. It was but a word I had to say to her; a minute's time that I should detain her. "Circumstances have called me away, but I could not leave without personally acquainting your ladyship, and thanking you for your hospitality and kindness." Something to that effect: the words, the interview, would be over almost as soon as begun. Resolving finally upon this course, I looked at my watch—and found that it was past eleven.

Had I indeed sat up so long? But the time, when we are absorbed, passes quickly. I heard Mr. Chandos come up and enter his room: I was partially undressed then.

Did you ever notice, when the mind is—if we may use the expression—alive with thought, how difficult it is to get to sleep? Strive as I would, I could not drive this project away: plans for eluding Hill's vigilance and entering into the west wing kept haunting me with all the tenacity of a nightmare. I tossed and turned from side to side; I strove to think of other things: I began to repeat verses; all in vain. Sleep was as far away as ever; and, in the silence of the night, I heard the large clock strike two.

I heard something else. Just as its last stroke died upon the ear, it seemed that some



PRACTISING WITH THE CELEBRATED SAWYER GUN, ON THE REBEL BATTERIES AT SEWALL'S POINT,

Near Norfolk, Virginia, from Fort Calhoun (unfinished), on the Rip-Raps, in Front of Fortress Monroe.

The above view (for which we are indebted to Frank Leslie's paper,) will give our readers an idea of the size and management of the celebrated Sawyer Gun. It is hoped ere long that from the Rip-Raps Gen. Wool will be able to hand his card to the rebels at Sewall's Point.

one burst out of the door of the west wing and entered the room of Mr. Chandos. I heard covert voices conversing hurriedly in a whisper, and then the footsteps raced back again to the west wing.

What could be the matter? Almost before I had well asked the question, I heard Mr. Chandos leave his room, go down stairs, and out at the hall door. Curiosity led me to rise and look from the window. He was running round to the left, where lay the stables, and it would also conduct him to the kitchen entrance.

I waited? What could have taken him out at that hour of the night? What could be amiss in the west wing? The stars were shining brilliantly; I suppose it was a frost; and the tops of the dark pine trees showed clearly out. Nothing was to be seen in the ghostly walk underneath, though it was some minutes before I dared cast my eyes to look: the apparition was not abroad.

Sounds now; sounds from the direction of the stables. They were those of a horse's footsteps. Mr. Chandos came riding forth at a canter, which increased to a gallop as he turned his horse into the broad entrance walk. As he passed my window, he looked up at it—and I am ashamed to confess how it caused my heart to thrill.

Another moment, however, and something else caused it to thrill far deeper—to thrill with fear. A stealthy knock at my chamber door, and, while I stood in indecision, another knock somewhat sharper. Then it opened, and Mrs. Penn glided in, slippers on her feet, and a shawl thrown over her white nightgown.

"So, you are up!" she whispered. "I thought you would be! What has happened, to take out Mr. Chandos? Do you know?"

"Mrs. Penn! How should I be likely to know?"

"I happened to be up, looking from my window—"

"At this time of night?" I interrupted.

"Yes, at this time of night," she repeated. "I was watching for the ghost, and I don't care if I confess it. A dozen nights have I sat up watching, and never have seen it, and to-night I was up again. All on a sudden, I saw a figure making round towards the stables, and my whole heart's blood seemed to turn to ice, for I took it to be the ghost at last. I did, Anne Hereford, and you need not peer at me with your searching eyes, as if you would condemn me for my credulity. But soon I recognized Mr. Chandos, and saw him come back mounted. Where has he gone? For what purpose?"

"You put the question as though you thought I could answer it," I said to her; and so she did, speaking in a demanding sort of way. "I cannot tell where Mr. Chandos has gone."

"Yet I would give the whole world to know!"

"But why? What business is it of either yours or mine? Mr. Chandos's movements are nothing to us."

"They are so much to us—to me—that I would forfeit this to be able to follow him and see," she excitedly uttered, holding up her right hand.

I stood looking at her and wondering.

"It is for your sake I speak," she resumed, recovering her calmness. "This may portend some fresh machination against you."

The idea was so absurd that I burst out laughing in her face: and it struck me that she was asserting what she neither believed nor feared.

"I am not afraid, Mrs. Penn. I am far more afraid of taking cold: and you will not deem me discourteous if I request you to leave further discussion until morning, for I must get into bed."

She moved to the door without any remonstrance, and had nearly reached it when she turned round to speak again.

"Is it not most singular, most mysterious, that a gentleman should rise from his bed, saddle his horse by stealth, and ride off upon a midnight journey?"

"It is singular. But he may not have saddled his horse by stealth."

"How now?" she tartly answered. "He did saddle it; saddled it himself."

"Yes: but that may have been only from a wish not to disturb the grooms from their rest. To do a thing oneself with a view of sparing others, and to do it stealthily are two things."

"So your spirit must rise up to defend him still! Take care of yourself, Anne Hereford!"

She quitted my room without another word, and I locked the door after her. I did not care to be so intruded on a second time."

But still there was no sleep for me, and in an hour or two's time I heard Mr. Chandos ride home again. I heard him ride round to the stables, and come back on foot. He let himself in at the hall door, came softly up stairs, and went into the west wing. It was in that west wing that something must be amiss.

We knew what it was with early morning. Soon after the servants were astir, Mr. Lake arrived, the old family friend and doctor: Mr. Chandos's errand in the night had been to the telegraph office to send for him. Hill was silent as the grave, and would not answer a question that anybody asked her; but it oozed out in spite of her that Lady Chandos was worse. Mr. Lake had generally paid a visit every other day, since first called in; but he had never come at this hour of the morning.

I went down to breakfast: I could not well avoid it: it would not do for me to plead illness, or the sulks, and have my meals brought to me up stairs. But we had a third at table I found, and that was Mr. Lake. I am not quite sure how I and Mr. Chandos should have got on without him: with him, all went smoothly.

But not merrily. For both he and Mr. Chandos spoke and looked as if under the influence of some grave care: I supposed it to arise from the situation of Lady Chandos. They began talking about Mr. Lake's movements: his stopping or his going.

"If I get away by the two o'clock train, I shall be able to return for night," the surgeon observed. "At ten o'clock the last train comes in, does it not?"

"At eleven," said Mr. Chandos.

"Eleven, is it. Well, I shall be able to do that."

"I wish you could remain entirely."

"I wish I could. But I have told you why I am obliged to go back home, if I stay but half an hour there. And there's this much to be said, Mr. Harry, that my staying could be of no benefit. I shall return for the family's satisfaction, but I can't hope to do good."

"Could you speak for a moment, sir, with Mr. Dexter?" demanded Hickens, entering the room at this juncture, and addressing his master. "He says he has no need to detain you long, but he would like to see you at once, because he must be off to that sale of stock."

Mr. Chandos rose from table. "Where is he?" he asked of Hickens.

"I have shown him into your private room, sir."

And now came my turn. I was alone with Mr. Lake, and determined to inquire of him the state of Lady Chandos; for, see her I would, if she was at all fit.

"Is Lady Chandos alarmingly ill?" I began.

He was eating an egg at the time, and he did not speak immediately: his attention seemed divided between regarding me and finishing the egg.

"What you young ladies might call alarmingly ill, we old doctors might not," were his words, when he at length spoke.

"Can she speak?"

"Oh, yes."

"And is sufficiently well to understand, if any one speaks to her?"

"Quite so. Don't trouble yourself, my dear, about fears for Lady Chandos. I hope she will be all right in time."

So far, well. To Lady Chandos I determined to penetrate ere the day should close. And I am sure, had anybody seen me in the corridor that morning, dodging in and out of it, watching for my opportunity, and peeping from my bed-room, they would have deemed me haunted by a restless spirit.

The opportunity came at last. Not until late in the afternoon. In the morning Mr. Lake and Mr. Chandos had been nearly all the time in the west wing, and Hill seemed to be on the perpetual run, in and out of it. It was getting dusk when I, on the watch as before, saw Hill come from it. She left the door ajar, as if she intended to return instantly, and whisked into a large linen closet close by. Now was my time. I glided past the closet, quiet as a mouse, and inside the green baize door of the west wing.

But which was the room of Lady Chandos? No time was to be lost, for if Hill returned, she was sure to eject me summarily, as she had done once before. I softly opened several doors, taking no notice of what the rooms might contain, looking only whether Lady Chandos was there. Next I came to one, and—what—who was it, sitting there? Not Lady Chandos.

In a large arm chair, propped up with pillows, sat an emaciated object, white, thin, cadaverous. A tall man, bearing a strange likeness to Mr. Chandos, a strange likeness to that ghostly vision of Sir Thomas. Was he the ghost?—sitting there and staring at me with his large eyes, but never speaking?

My pulses stood still; my heart leaped into my mouth. The figure raised its arm, and pointed peremptorily to the door with its long, lanky, white fingers. A sign that I must quit its presence.

I was glad to do so. Startled, terrified, bewildered, I thought no more of Lady Chandos, but stole back through the passage, and out at the green baize door. There, face to face, I encountered Mr. Chandos.

I shall never forget *his* face when he looked at me: never had greater hauteur, rarely greater anger, appeared in the countenance of a Chandos.

"Have you been in *there?*" he uttered.

"Yes."

More I could not add, for the words stuck in my throat.

"Listen, Miss Hereford," he said, his lips working with emotion, "I am grieved to be compelled to say anything discourteous to a lady, more especially to you, but I must *forbid* you to approach these rooms, however powerfully your curiosity may urge you to visit them. I act as the master of Chandos, and demand it as a right."

I stole away with my crimsoned face, with my crimsoned neck, wishing the corridor floor would open and admit me, so ashamed did I look and feel: and Hill came from the closet to stare at me and question Mr. Chandos. My 'curiosity!'

But who could he be, whom I had just seen, thus closeted in the apartments of Lady Chandos? Could it be Sir Thomas, arrived from abroad? But when did he arrive? and why this concealment in his mother's rooms?—for concealment it appeared to be. Whoever it was, he was fearfully ill and wasted: of that there could be no doubt; ill, as it seemed to me, almost unto death; and a conviction came over me that Mr. Lake's visit had been to him, not to Lady Chandos. How long—

"My dear child, how flushed and strange you look!"

The speaker was Mrs. Penn, interrupting my chain of thought. She was standing at the door of the east wing, partially hidden from view, and the tone of her voice was all compassion and kindness. Traversing the corridor, she came into my bed-room.

"Anne, was Mr. Chandos speaking in that way to you?"

"I deserved it," I sighed, "for I really had no right to enter the west wing clandestinely. I went there in search of Lady Chandos. I want to leave, but I do not like to go without first seeing her, and I thought I would try to do so, in spite of Hill."

"And did you see her?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Penn.

"No; I could not see her anywhere; I suppose I did not go into all the rooms. But I saw some one else."

"Whom did you see?"

"The strangest being," I answered, too absorbed in the subject, too surprised, to observe my usual custom of telling nothing to Mrs. Penn. "He was sitting in an easy chair, supported by pillows; a tall, emaciated man, having, evidently, one foot in the grave. His face was ghastly, but still there was a likeness to Mr. Chandos."

Mrs. Penn clutched hold of me.

"What do you say? What do you say?" she uttered with emotion.

"He startled me terribly, for I declare, at first sight, I thought it was a ghost. Why should he be hidden there? Who can he be? unless it is Sir Thomas Chandos come home from abroad? Don't you think Mr. Lake must—"

The expression of her countenance stopped me. Her face had turned white, her lips livid; what strange excitement was she under? what was the news to her?

"For the love of heaven wait!" she uttered. "A tall man, bearing a family likeness to Mr. Chandos—was that what you said?"

"A striking likeness: allowing for the fact that Mr. Chandos is in health, and that the other looks like one dying. Not much difference in the age either. It must be Sir Thomas Chandos."

"It is not Sir Thomas; he is a short, plain man, resembling his mother. No, no; I know too well who it is; and it explains the mystery of that west wing, all that has been so unaccountable to me since I have dwelt at Chandos. Down with the Chandoses now! Good heavens! to think that my thick brains never should have penetrated to this conclusion! And now it may be too late!"

She stamped her foot in impotent rage at herself, and darted from my room towards the east wing. So astonished was I, that I stood looking after her, and saw her hastily come forth again after a minute or two, attired to go out. She was gliding down the stairs, when Mrs. Chandos likewise came from the east wing and called to her.

"Mrs. Penn, where are you going? I want you."

Mrs. Penn, thus arrested, turned round, a balked expression on her face.

"I wish to do a very slight errand for myself, ma'am. I shall not be long."

"I cannot spare you now; I cannot, indeed. You must defer it until to-morrow. I have been by myself this hour, and am as nervous as I can be. You don't sit with me half as much as Mrs. Freeman did: you are always away, or wanting to be."

Mrs. Penn came slowly up the stairs again, but I believe she had a great mind to rebel, and depart on her errand in defiance of her mistress.

"You will allow me one minute in my room, just to write a word in pencil, then?" she said to Mrs. Chandos.

What could it be that she was so anxious for? what was she going to do? The words "Down, now, with the Chandoses!" had smote ominously upon my ear. Was it *she* who was in league with Mr. Edwin Barley? If so, what mischief might I not have done by mentioning what I saw in the west wing!

Restless and uncomfortable, I went down stairs into the oak parlor. We were to dine earlier that day, and the cloth was laid. Mrs. Penn was not long behind me. I heard her footsteps in the hall, just as Lizzy, very smart, in a bonnet and new plaid shawl, and a reticule basket on her arm, passed the window, bent on some errand abroad. Mrs. Penn must also have seen her, for she called her inside, speaking in a whisper.

"You are going out, I see, Lizzy. Will you do a hasty errand for me?"

"If 'twon't take long," was the girl's answer. "But I have got leave to go out to tea, and am an hour later than I thought to be."

"It will not take you two minutes out of your way. You know where Mr. Edwin Barley lives—the new tenant. Go to his house, ask to see him, and give him this note: should he not be at home, say that it must be handed to him the instant he comes in. If you do this promptly, and keep it to yourself, mind!—I will give you a crown piece."

"I'll do it," laughed Lizzy, in glee, "and say 'thank ye,' too, ma'am."

She opened the lid of her basket, popped in the note, and turned to depart. Mrs. Penn disappeared up stairs, and Lizzy waited at the hall door. I could see her from where I stood peeping. She was looking up at the skies.

"Now, is it a-going to rain, or is it only the dark of the evening?" cogitated she. "Better get a umbrella: I shouldn't like my new shawl to be spoilt, and they didn't warrant the blue in it, if it got a soaking."

She put down the basket, and ran round to the kitchen. Now was my opportunity. I stole to the basket, lifted the lid, and took out the letter, trusting to good luck, and to Lizzy's not looking into the basket on her return.

She did not. She came back with the umbrella, snatched up the basket by its two handles, and went down the broad walk, at a run.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Farmers may console themselves with the reflection that there is far dirtier work than working in the dirt.

☞ At Christ Church Sabbath School, Boston, an amusing incident occurred. On a late Sunday afternoon Dr. Goddard was discoursing to the children on the beauty of love as developed in the Christian, whose leader was Christ, when he asked: "Who are your enemies?" A little lad, who doubtless supposed the doctor asked the question to have it answered, spoke out in a manly voice: "The secessionists." The effect was electric, as may be supposed, and the little fellow has established his patriotism if not his theological soundness.

THE GLORY OF THE PINES.

Magnificent!—nay, sometimes, almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground; clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pines as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the wall of Hades, not knowing each other—dumb forever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride; unnumbered, unconquerable. —*Ruskin.*

☞ Some years ago Mr. Kimwel was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced as his text, "In my father's house are many mansions." He had scarcely read the words when an old coon stood up and said, "I tell you, folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentuck, in an old log cabin, and there is but one room in the house."

☞ I think a man would die, after awhile, while constantly looking at the motion of a saw mill. The jar of a locomotive makes the toughest iron brittle at last; and the wear and tear of a restless wife is beyond the strongest man's endurance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 14, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

GETTING IN EARNEST.

A most amusing commentary upon the fatherly—or rather grand-fatherly—mode in which the government has prosecuted hostilities until a very recent period, is furnished by the *Mobile Tribune* of August 2d. It appears that while the secessionists at Pensacola were trying to raise the Dry Dock, at the navy yard, they were fired on from Fort Pickens, and compelled to abandon their attempt very speedily. Whereupon the *Mobile Tribune* indignantly exclaims:—"*Is not this an outrageous act of war?*"

The Mobilians, after seeing the tameness of the government, as shown for instance in not firing upon the rebels when erecting fortifications to attack Forts Sumner and Pickens, naturally wonder at what seems the inauguration of an entirely different policy. Uncle Sam, after firing blank cartridges a long while, actually has begun—shameful fellow!—to fire bullets. Somebody will be hurt, if the old gentleman is not careful.

Seriously, of all nonsense that is nonsense, the folly of attempting to wage war on peace principles, is the greatest. The first maxim of success in war is, "When you draw the sword, throw away the scabbard." Do not even *think* of peace, victorious or defeated,—much less utter the word—until your enemy comes forward as a suppliant. It is time enough to be magnanimous, when your opponent is prostrated at your feet. It is not our business to be pitiful for him—our business is to injure him all we can (within the bounds of what is generally admitted to be lawful and honorable warfare) until he cries enough. The sharper the agony, the quicker he will be apt to come to reason.

As for ourselves, if we are ever to become a great people, it will be by adopting the Roman maxim, "Never make a treaty of peace in the hour of defeat and danger"—for such a treaty must necessarily be a humiliating one. Of course the ability is not given to all nations to adhere to a rule of this kind. But we have the material ability, if it is only seconded by the spiritual force and determination of our people. We are able to be the great lawgiver of this Western world—we have the right to be by virtue of our material and spiritual endowments—and we ought to vindicate this, our birthright, by stern persistency in the hour of peril, by generous magnanimity in the hour of triumph, and by an unquailing determination in the sad hour of defeat.

We do not say this from any pitiful national vanity. We say it because we consider it necessary to all the interests of this Western Continent, that a great nation should grow up here, able to act for and protect the rights and interests of the Hemisphere. Look at Asia and Africa, how they are the mere thralls and serfs of Europe. Shall America, North and South, also be thus sacrificed continually to European policy and interests? Nothing can prevent such a fate but the existence of a great nation like the United States. There are no individual, commercial, or national rights on this whole Continent, which are not bound up in the existence of the American Union. And the man or set of men who raise a parricidal hand against that Union, not only are striking a blow at their own best interests, but at the interests of the whole Continent, and at the very cause of Western Civilization itself. At any cost they should be put down—there should be no dallying with, no weak grand-fatherly treatment of so dangerous a rebellion.

MISSOURI.

Affairs have already begun to wear a more encouraging aspect in Missouri. Gen. Fremont's proclamation has done much to convince the weak and vacillating that he belongs to that class of men who will "stand no nonsense," and that he is thoroughly in earnest. Governor Gamble, of Missouri, who recently visited Washington relative to a supply of arms, is reported on good authority to have expressed the fullest confidence in Fremont, and says that his measures are supported by every Union man in the State; while Emerson Etheridge brings the welcome intelligence "that Cairo and Bird's Point are safe, that events indicate the retreat of McCullough into Arkansas, and that within 30 days Gen. Fremont will be in possession of all Missouri."

Then we have statements that the rumored repulse of several thousand secessionists by between four and five hundred Missouri Home Guards in the entrenchments at Lexington, is true; and that, at Bloomfield, in the south-eastern part of the State, Gen. Prentiss had captured a Confederate camp, containing 850 men, without losing a man. If these reports be correct, affairs are brightening in Missouri.

We have other advices that are reliable, from private sources, that Fremont is in no want of men so far, as the great north-west is rallying to the standard of so gallant and popular a leader. The principal want has been in the materiel of war, in arms and clothing, and especially in money. These wants, however, are being rapidly supplied; and it is hoped that by the most unremitting exertions, an army will be ready to move down the Mississippi river by the winter months. The St. Louis correspondent of a contemporary, under date of August 29th, says:—

> The army within a short distance of this city, encamped at different points, and not including Cairo, numbers some sixty thousand men, well armed, equipped and drilled. Additional troops are constantly arriving from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and new regiments are forming here, and it is probable there will be not less than 150,000 troops here, or thereabouts, comprising the "Army of the West" before the cool days and cooler nights of October come.

Of course the above cannot be considered reliable as to the numbers mentioned. The writer evidently is of a sanguine disposition. An army of 150,000 men is much easier talked of, than raised, armed and provisioned. Deduct 100,000 and you leave 50,000—a number which, if well armed and disciplined, would probably be able to get down the river as far as Memphis by the first of March. Of course if we knew all General Fremont's plans and resources, or want of resources, we should blazon them to the world—or else pursue a more reticent and sensible policy.

THE SUCCESS AT HATTERAS.

The capture of Fort Hatteras seems to have produced quite a "sensation" in North Carolina. The press of that state are "full of it." Such was the alarm in the legislature, which was in session at Raleigh, that the *Register* of that city, for the credit of the state, forbears to describe it. How many members fainted in their seats, and how many jumped out of the windows, on the supposition that the "cowardly Yankees" were upon them, is not stated. As a correspondent of the Petersburg Express says, "Our state is now plunged into a great deal of trouble."

We further read that regiments on the way to Virginia have been ordered to the various towns along the coast of the old "Rip Van Winkle" state, and one account even says that the North Carolina troops in Virginia have suddenly made tracks homeward.

Of course this first success of our navy will be followed up by the government. The next blow, it is said, will fall in an entirely unexpected place. There is no difficulty in finding points to attack, just as "impregnable" as the engineer who built Fort Hatteras asserted that place to be. The largest guns at Hatteras were 32-pounders, and our frigates were able to stand off at a respectable distance, and treat them to shells, without receiving any salutations in return.

We trust that now the Secretary of the Navy is getting his department a little into trim, the "chivalrous Palmetto state" will not be forgotten. More than any other portion of the Union is South Carolina responsible for this disastrous and perilous war. So far, she has managed to push off on unwilling Virginia the burden of the conflict—her own soil unscarred by the tramp and fury of contending hosts. As soon as possible let that state, which is the very heart and soul of the rebellion, be made to taste of the bitter cup which for the last twenty years she has been brewing. But for her, this civil war would have never been. If any state of right ought to drink the cup of retribution to the dregs, it is South Carolina.

KENTUCKY.—The message of Gov. Magoffin to the Legislature of Kentucky, shows him to be at heart a secessionist. There is little doubt that he will attempt to play the game played by Jackson of Missouri, if he sees any chance of success. The Tennessee troops have already entered the state, and were fortifying themselves at Hickman and "Chalk Bluffs." Governor Magoffin talks about neutrality, and promises to act as the Legislature instructs him to act, but we have heard too much talk of that kind to have any faith in it.

ENGLISH OPINION.

Lord Brougham, in an inaugural address at Dublin, before the Social Science Association, made the following reference to American affairs:—

> On this most unhappy subject it becomes us to abstain from whatever might be deemed to indicate an opinion upon the merits of the controversy. But we should ill represent the friends of the science we cultivate if we did not breathe an earnest hope for the termination of a civil war, the real origin of which has been the disappointment of faction in the thirst for places, and which, as if to make it more respectable and more amiable, has assumed as its avowed principle the perpetuation and extension of slavery, now for the first time declared to be good in itself. Surely, without offence to either party in this lamentable contest we may breathe a wish that the least of the war's evils—its heavy expense—were bestowed upon the redemption of the colored race, upon the amicable removal of the greatest obstruction that exists to American prosperity, the greatest blot that rests on the American name.

It will seem probably to the reader a little inconsistent, to preface such a statement of the origin of the war with the assertion that "it became them to abstain from whatever might be deemed to indicate an opinion upon the merits of the controversy." Some may ask, if it became the "noble lord" to "abstain," why did not he "abstain?"

But why abstain? why does it become Englishmen to abstain from having, or at least expressing an opinion on so important a subject? We cannot see it, for the life of us. Is it that their convictions and certain interests are on one side, and other interests on the other? Really it looks so.

Just to think of a man like Lord Brougham, who has been expressing opinions on American affairs all his life, and aiding in building up that European sentiment which has played no inconsiderable part in bringing about the present war—for the taunts of strangers have a tremendous effect when a people believe them in their inmost consciences to be more or less just—now being so mealy-mouthed as to deprecate the expression of his own opinions. "You are both our children—you are both wrong—we must be impartial"—is the silly, old-granny cry which comes to us from certain parties abroad. What wise parent or relative hesitates to take sides between two children, when one is clearly right and the other clearly wrong?

But a certain kind of Englishman says, in effect—"oh, yes, Jonathan, you are right in principle as to the matter in dispute, but then you no longer buy all your hardware and cotton goods of your old daddy. Besides daddy buys his raw cotton of your brother."

But let us not forget that there are numbers of good men and true—we hope a large majority of the people of England—who act on very different principles from the *London Times, Punch*, and others of that easy-conscienced class. We trust to them to put a check on any efforts of their government to pick a quarrel with us in this our hour of peril. That such an effort will be made, if the people of England show any signs of tolerating it, looks not improbable. Let our friends in England keep a sharp watch upon the movements of their rulers. Pleasant it is to Americans to read such articles as have recently appeared in the *London Daily News* and the *London Star*. We think we are aiding in binding the hearts of the two nations together, when we quote the following from an article in the latter journal:—

> What can we expect from the American press when it finds a leading English journal (the *Times*) deliberately and recklessly pouring vinegar and vitriol into the wounds of the national pride and sensibility? How can we expect our kinsmen of the North to believe in our friendship and good wishes when our newspapers go out laden with columns of scornful comment upon a disaster that might prove fatal to a people less high-spirited and resolute? What can they think of our anti-slavery sentiment, or even of our international neutrality, when they see the slaveholding rebellion treated with far greater respect than the government elected by millions of freedom-loving freemen, and the atrocious rhapsodies of *The New York Herald* quoted as the utterance of a settled transatlantic policy? If there were no sin or shame in exaggerating and ridiculing an event fraught with poignant suffering to a friendly and consanguineous nation—if decency did not restrain us from laughing aloud at the fears of the brave and the errors of the great—surely prudence should teach us not to provoke the bitter resentment of a people of eighteen millions by scoffing at their momentary humiliation. Must we make enemies on both sides of the Atlantic, in both hemispheres of the globe and of government? Are we to provoke beyond bearing Imperial France and Republican America? Ought we not rather to guide our speech by the friendly wisdom that errs, if at all, on the side of friendliness? If it were true that the Americans of the North were braggart cowards, *they would still be our nearest of all kin, and their cause would still be that of solid government and of universal liberty.* But we trust that the press of England, as a whole, will make it to be felt wherever the just authority of President Lincoln is recognized, *that we grieve when they are humbled—that we confide in the strength of their resources and purposes as in the goodness of their cause—and that while we heartily desired them to avert civil war by peaceful separation, we now as heartily pray God to give them a happy issue out of their fiery trial.*

THE EXPLANATION.

In his letter of August 5th, to the *London Times*, Mr. Russell says:—

> "*Let us only hold on till October and we are safe.*" That, or something like it, was said to me over and over again in the South *by men who play no inconsiderable part in the mysterious drama of the Confederates.* And when I asked one of these gentlemen, more than two months ago, what chance there was of the North giving the South all that time, I was answered almost in these words: "We are bound to go to the assistance of Virginia. The whole of the Northern frontier abounds in good positions, which can be fed by the rail from the South. The Abolitionists will come and give us battle. We are certain to whip them if they attack us, and the North will then learn that it can't at once overrun us as it fancied. The leaders will pause. *There will be a reaction up there.* We will work all the harder and all the better for our victory, drilling our men and consolidating our resources. *The Northern cities will become discontented. Foreign nations will ask*

when the cotton ports are to be open. The North will have no reply. We shall be better able to fight in November than we shall be to fight in June. Every week's delay will add to the complications and weakness of the North, and the end of the year will find them further from their aim than ever—*divisions in their councils, even disturbances in their populations, while we, inspired by the approach of success, will exhibit increasing energy and unanimity.*" A part of the programme has been already accomplished, but it does not follow that the remainder of the prophecy will be fulfilled with as much nicety.

The above will explain, perhaps, the recent apparently widely organized attempts to get up a series of peace meetings in the North. The first of October is approaching, and the Confederate leaders seeing no sign of that "reaction" they are counting upon, have been taking means to help it along.—Perhaps they will begin to realize by the first of October, that our Northern cities will *not* become "discontented"—that foreign nations will not trouble us about the cotton ports—and that there is no prospect of any other "disturbances in our populations" than those caused by a summary dealing with "white feather" papers and "white feather" meetings. In fact, the people of the North are becoming more and more united every day, and also more terribly in earnest; while the Government is abandoning its amusing policy of trying to hold up with one hand what it was trying to knock down with the other, and is beginning to act as if it were at war. The first of October, when it comes, will probably convince the Secession leaders, that the North, like Paul Jones when he shot his lieutenant for daring to pull down his flag during one of his desperate combats, is just getting ready to fight. The rebel managers, therefore, might as well keep their money at home to buy gunpowder with, as send it up North to bribe editors and orators who will not be allowed to get up that little "reaction," and those delightful "disturbances."

THE NATIONAL LOAN.

The indications are that a very large amount of this loan will be taken, in small amounts, by the masses of the people. The interest being over seven per cent., and amounts as low as fifty dollars being accepted, it offers the best kind of an investment. The interest on fifty dollars is just a cent a day—so that it is easily calculated, if the notes are afterwards used in paying debts. Those who have had small amounts lying uselessly in bank, or at small rates of interest in safety funds, will probably press forward eagerly to invest in the present loan. What is not only patriotic, but safe and profitable, can hardly fail to be largely patronized. As to the safety of the loan, if it is not safe, nothing will be. Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., 114 South Third St., are the agents for this city.

A MUSKET OR A RIFLE FOR EVERY HOME.—We commend the following advice of a contemporary to the attention of our readers:—

While Home Guard organizations are being formed in most sections of the State, there is yet a lamentable deficiency of weapons in the interior, as in the city. Beyond a rusty fowling-piece, an old horse-pistol, or a blunderbuss, that would probably explode at the wrong end, our people are not provided with arms, and one-half the villages of the State could be surprised and sacked by an enemy at any moment. Let every citizen be the owner of a musket or a rifle. These are the effective weapons of war, and if the population at large possesses them, each home will be an armory, and every township invincible. Let the people be armed, for arms are the providences that decide battles, and no man knows, in this exigency, how soon he may be called to march from his threshold, like the men of '76, and fight a new Lexington or a new Bunker Hill, upon the nearest village green.

Yes, these are the times in which it may be advised, that "he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one"—times that teach us how immediately the fabric of peace rests upon our ability to make war. If there was a musket or rifle in every house in Pennsylvania, we ought to be able of ourselves to meet any invader upon our border with a force of 300,000 men—and a knowledge of this fact would do much to keep all invaders away. Therefore we say to our readers, let every man provide himself with a musket or a rifle, with bayonet attached, and learn, if he does not know, how to use it.

GOOD NEWS FROM BALTIMORE.—Upon reading our article in last week's paper, relative to the alarming increase, of late, of turned up noses in Baltimore, President Lincoln immediately resolved that the defect should not extend to the Union-loving portion of the population. An order was immediately dispatched, therefore, forbidding the future wearing of secession badges, cockades, &c., in that city. The Union ladies, therefore, will be no longer under any necessity of turning-up their noses, while the noses of the secession ladies will turn up higher than ever. In this manner a brand of ugliness will be permanently attached to the secession portion of the female population. We consider this new move of the Government one of the most profound and successful strokes of the whole war. It hits the enemy right on the nose.

A REGIMENT of Choctaws, one regiment of Chickasaws, a battalion of Seminoles, and a company of Creeks, all under the command of General D. H. Cooper and Captain Albert Pike, the Southern papers say, are about to enter Kansas to fight for the rebel cause.

The Declaration of Independence gives as one of the complaints of the colonies against the King of Great Britain, that "he has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions." Those who seek the destruction of the liberty and independence of America in 1861, naturally follow the example of the tyrant of 1776; and we, like our fathers, may ultimately be compelled to meet savage with savage, and "make fire fight fire."

REACTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The daily papers contain accounts from North Carolina of a reaction in that state, of secret "leagues of loyalty," of "two full brigades of loyal men being enrolled," of the election of members of Congress, of the Governor being loyal, and of hundreds flocking to Fort Hatteras to take the oath of allegiance.

We have no doubt that there are plenty of loyal men in North Carolina, especially in the western portion of the state, which is inhabited by a class of sturdy farmers, resembling the inhabitants of Western Virginia.

We think it would be a great mistake, however, to expect any decided assistance from the Union men of any Southern state. Even where they are tolerably strong, as in Eastern Tennessee, they do not seem to be able to render the cause of the Union much assistance. They seem to lack the necessary arms and means, even where they possess the requisite energy.

As they cannot afford us much assistance, they probably do not even desire to trammel our action. The Free States have an immense work before them, which will cost them an immense amount of money, and the sacrifice of thousands of valuable lives. They cannot afford to be diverted from the most effective courses, from considerations of the interests of the Union men of the South. Just in proportion to the obstinacy of the rebels' resistance, must be the energy of the assault. The greatness of the interests involved in putting down the rebellion as soon as possible, necessarily outweighs all other considerations. When men are spending at the rate of a million a day, besides suffering immensely in other ways, it cannot be supposed that they should be very tender of the interests of others. Let the Union men of the South duly consider this.

FOUND IT OUT.—We have found out the difficulty in Kentucky. She is the "*half-horse, half-alligator*" state. The horse pulls North, the alligator pulls South—and the state is nowhere. Kentucky will soon have to make her choice, and either go the whole horse, or the whole alligator.

"AN OPINION AS IS AN OPINION."—Upon the question whether Jeff. Davis is dead or alive, our opinion is—and it may go for what it is worth—that if he is not dead he ought to be.

Still, as Toots says, "it's of no consequence."

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.—We call attention to the advertisement of this celebrated dictionary. It claims to have definitions and pictorial illustrations of military terms, not found in any other work of the same class.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS. From the French of Edmond About, author of the Roman Question, &c. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Published by J. E. Tilton, & Co., Boston.

This spirited translation of one of the most sparkling romances of its well-known author comes prefaced by an introduction by Epes Sargent, critically euologistic in the highest degree. So thoroughly does he analyze the scope of the romance, its historical accuracy, and the style and aims of its author, that, as far as these are concerned, he leaves nothing for his readers to add.

But it is not every American mind whose orbit can touch and coincide with that of a Frenchman.

Many of us look with critical and unsympathetic eyes on French literature as a class, and on French character as exemplified by its literature. Its phenomena and laws of being are alien, wonderful.

What shall be said of the national character of which Sue and Dumas are the exponents, Balzac and About the finest consummation? It is not a hand of flesh and blood with warm human pulses that we meet in our greeting with this genius of French literature. "The hand of steel under the glove of velvet," is an old French proverb. But this creature is all steel, finely polished, and clothed in garments of the most approved Parisian cut. Under its velvet glove hides a steely lancet, which, in its apparently fraternal grasp, starts out, piercing its victim through bone and marrow. It is not breath that curls from its nostrils, but an artfully infused vapor, in which we can discern a distinct and very suspicious odor of brimstone.

There is one sin that is forbidden to the French novelist; it supersedes for him the old-fashioned and cumbersome Decalogue. He may safely assume to blot out God from Heaven, and truth and virtue from earth; he may outrage every law of morality and decency—provided always that it is done neatly and handsomely, without the "brutalité Anglaise" that will persist in calling vile things by vile and ill-sounding names,—but it is not permitted him to be *dull*. That is the one unpardonable sin against which (French) heaven and earth rise up and protest.

M. About is in no danger of transgressing this immitigable law. Every page of this little romance sparkles with epigrams. He is comic, brilliant, delightful. Nothing more serious is intended than a little good-humored sarcasm at the expense of modern Greece, its liberals and revolutionists. You see that there is no tragical depth intended to the story. Its situations are comic, its descriptions pastoral in their simplicity. But entire pastoral simplicity would be apt to pall upon a French audience, particularly a Parisian one. They demand sensations. What comic incidents can be devised to suit the story and answer this need? Some trifling and amusing situations will suffice in a light work of fiction like "the King of the Mountains."

Accordingly the hero receives the bastinado, he is half-roasted alive at the robbers' fire, he drowns one man, he shoots a half-dozen, he poisons a batch. These, with vivid descriptions of the infliction of various modes of torture, furnish agreeable interludes to the peaceful monotony of the beginning of the story. And it is all so delightfully droll; who can avoid laughing at the comic contortions and howls of the wretches who are suffering from the hero's doses of arsenic!

Every age has its peculiar amusements.—The pagan Romans pleased themselves with gladiatorial exhibitions; the Parisians of less than a century ago, enjoyed the excitement of seeing a score of heads fall in one day under the stroke of the guillotine. It is reserved for us to delight ourselves with the mental and moral stimulus of the Modern French Novel. Let us not boast with too much assurance over the advance we have made upon the generations that have gone before us.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The government is determined to put a stop to the secession cockades and other emblems which have been so unblushingly exhibited in Baltimore for months past, and those found wearing them in future will be arrested as traitors against the government.

It is understood that the letters, &c., entrusted to the care of Adams' Express Company, for Southern cities, on the 24th, 25th and 26th ult., have been ordered to the Dead Letter Office at Washington.

Letters from Southern Maryland represent that the friends of the Union there are coming out in strong force, and that they will give a telling vote in the election to be held next month.

Travel with the South is now entirely at an end; the finishing act to make it so is the order just issued by the State Department refusing passes to any one via Louisville, which was the only remaining channel of communication left open. Even women and children are no exception to the rule, which will be rigorously enforced.

Commodore Stringham, having completed his business at the Navy Department, left today for Hampton Roads. He will join the Minnesota on her arrival.

A reconnoissance was made to-day along the whole frontier of the Federal army in Virginia, from a point opposite the Chain Bridge to Alexandria. The condition of all the camps is excellent, and strict military discipline everywhere enforced. The soldiers are anxious to meet the enemy, however large may be the force.

Hon. John Covode arrived here to-day, and effected an arrangement so as to prevent any conflict between the Federal and Pennsylvania State Governments. Governor Curtin will be instructed to commission all regiments now in the field, and those authorized to be raised in Pennsylvania by the War Department, giving all volunteers the benefit of the State appropriation, while the United States will clothe and organize them.

The War Department is receiving troops as fast as they can be conveniently armed and assigned positions.

The Government has not received any dispatch confirming the reported death of Jefferson Davis. The special sensation correspondents seem determined to kill poor Jefferson D.

PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK AND THE WAR.—The New York Tribune of Wednesday, 4th inst., has an article on the comparative number of troops furnished by several States, in which it is claimed that the proportion from New York is greater than from any other State. We doubt the correctness of this assertion. About the middle of July, from the rolls at Harrisburg and other authentic records, it was ascertained that Pennsylvania had furnished the Union army upwards of 52,000 men, exclusive of the three months regiments. Since that time there has been a number of regiments raised bearing the name of the State, besides enlistments of citizens of Pennsylvania in independent corps and organizations out of the State, such as Baker's Brigade (almost exclusively Pennsylvanians), Sickles's Brigade, the Kentucky Cavalry, the Maryland and Delaware Regiments, etc., which would swell the total of Pennsylvania's contributions of men to upwards of sixty thousand. We repeat that this enumeration excludes the three months men, who would increase the total to about eighty thousand. Has New York done better than this in proportion to her population?—*Philada. Inquirer.*

NEW MEXICO.—The Santa Fe correspondent of the St. Louis Republican denies very emphatically that the Territory is disloyal to the Union, as has been charged. All such stories, he says, are but the devices of some office-seekers, who desire the removal of certain persons, in order that they may occupy their places. Gov. Rencher has issued a proclamation, calling upon all good citizens to come forward to the defence of the Territory from invasion. This proclamation was accompanied by a proclamation from Col. Canby, of the 19th U. S. Infantry, suspending the writ of habeas corpus Ex-Surveyor Gen. William Pelham, and Col. Reuben Clements were arrested on suspicion of having communicated improper information to the Texans at Fort Bliss. The following day Clements was discharged on taking the oath. Pelham is still in custody.

IMPORTANT REVELATION.—In regard to the Hatteras expedition, the New York Journal of Commerce has it "from the most reliable authority that officers who surrendered admitted that they received from Fortress Monroe exact information in relation to the preparation of the expedition, and its precise destination, so that they were not taken by surprise. The authorities at Richmond, therefore, despatched these important officers to take command, and large reinforcements were on the way. A most rigid investigation should at once be instituted to discover the sources from whence the plans of the Government were thus betrayed, and to mete out to the traitors their proper reward. It is no mitigation of the crime that no evil results from such treason; there can be but one opinion as to the desert of its author."

A TENNESSEEAN ON SLAVERY.—What some of the Border State Unionists think of Slavery is pretty clearly stated in a speech which the Rev. W. B. Carter, of East Tennessee, delivered in Cincinnati on Monday night of last week:—

"I am a slaveholder," said Mr. Carter. "My ancestors, for three generations, have been slaveholders; therefore, I cannot be charged with any prejudice against slavery. But I tell you before, that I regard the Union of the States as of infinitely more value than all the negroes in America, and Africa too. Nay, I go further, and say that, if the prosecution of this war and the perpetuation of the Union require that African slavery shall die, then I say let it perish."

FROM RICHMOND.—Louisville, Sept. 6.—A despatch from Richmond says:—One hundred and two Federal prisoners reached here this afternoon. They were taken by General Floyd, near Gauley bridge, last week. One hundred of them belonged to the Ohio 7th regiment. There are now about 2,000 Federal prisoners here.

The weather in the mountains is quite cool, and winter clothing is absolutely needed by many of the soldiers.

IMPORTANT FROM CAIRO.

GEN. GRANT TAKES POSSESSION OF PADUCAH—THE REBEL FLAGS TORN DOWN BY THE LOYALISTS—PROCLAMATION OF GEN. GRANT.

CAIRO, September 6.—This morning, at 11 o'clock, Gen. Grant, with two regiments of infantry, one company of light artillery, and two gunboats, took possession of Paducah, Kentucky. He found secession flags flying in different parts of the city, in expectation of greeting the rebel army, which was reported to be 3,800 strong, only 16 miles distant. The loyal citizens tore down the secession flags on the arrival of our troops.

Gen. Grant took possession of the telegraph office, railroad depot and marine hospital. He found a large quantity of cooked rations, and supplies of leather for the rebel army.

The following proclamation was issued:—

I have come among you not as an enemy, but as your friend and fellow-citizen, not to injure or annoy you, but to respect, defend, and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. The enemy in rebellion against our common Government, has taken possession and planted its guns upon the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon our flag. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy; to assist you to maintain the authority and secure your Government. I have nothing to do with your personal opinions. I shall deal only with armed rebellion, its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends, and punish only its enemies wherever manifested. Whenever you are able to defend yourselves, and maintain the authority, and protect the rights of the loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command.

(Signed) N. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

A CURIOUS PROCLAMATION.—The Memphis Argus of August 24th, publishes the following proclamation from the Mayor of that unhappy city:

To the Citizens of Memphis:—Applications have repeatedly been made to me, as executive officer of the city, for protection against *indiscreet* parties who are sent out to impress citizens into service against their will, on steamboats. Many of these men have been dragged from their beds, wives and children, *but never has there been a man taken who had on a clean shirt.* I hereby notify any citizen who may wish a pass within the city of Memphis, to call on me, and I will furnish the same, and will see that he will be *protected.* One poor man being shot yesterday by one of these *outlaws*, as they may be called, causes me to give the above notice.

August 24, 1861. JOHN PARK, Mayor.

This confirms the truth of the statement that the Disunionists have been impressing men into their service. This observation did not attract the Mayor's attention, it seems, until somebody happens to be shot.

☞ A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has lately visited, by invitation, the rooms of a spiritual medium, and was requested to write the names of several departed friends upon slips of paper. Upon one he wrote "Yankee Doodle," and was afterwards gratified to learn that that "friend" was happy in the spirit world, and was at the time enjoying a social chat with the father of the correspondent.

☞ Was ever a great discovery prosecuted, or an important benefit conferred upon the human race by him who was incapable of standing, and thinking, and feeling alone?

☞ BREVET.—Brevet is a commission which gives an officer title and rank in the army above his pay, but if he exercises a command according to his brevet he receives the pay attached to his brevet rank.

☞ Presence of mind is a compound of two genders: feminine, instant perception of danger; masculine, resolution to face it. Our bravery is oftener a necessity than a virtue.

☞ Fremont is styled anew of late, "the Pathfinder."

☞ The human soul, like the waters of the salt sea, becomes fresh and sweet in rising to the sky.

☞ To study what one does not love; that is, to contend with ennui, weariness and disgust, for a good that we do not desire; to lavish the talent, that we feel is created for something else, in vain, on a subject where we fear we cannot succeed, is to withdraw so much power from one where we could make progress.—*Richter.*

☞ "Papa, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the camomile fight the ry-no-siree-hoss?" "Sartin, my son, but don't get your trowsers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has for nat'ral history. No longer ago than yesterday he had eight tom cats hanging by their tails to the clothes line."

☞ At first the dissipated resort to wine to stimulate their wits, and in the end have to resort to their wits to procure their wine.

☞ TIN.—For upwards of two thousand years Cornwall has been supplying the world with tin. The only other localities in which this metal has been found in any quantities, are the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and Saxony, and Spain. Notwithstanding this continued drain upon Cornwall, that county is now annually producing ten thousand tons of tin ore, or upwards of seven thousand tons of metallic tin, which is much more than the produce of all the rest of the globe.

☞ A PROFOUND OBSERVATION.—A young lady should often maintain a prudent reserve and silence in the presence of her lover; he will be certain to fancy her a great deal wiser than she can show herself by her talk.

☞ What never should be blackened by traitors?—The *White House.*

☞ Every pound weight of cochineal contains seventy thousand insects boiled to death; so that the annual sacrifice of insectual life, to procure our scarlet and crimson dyes, is about forty-nine millions of these small members of the creation.

☞ ILL-NATURE.—If any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why yet it is but like the thorn or briar which prick and scratch because they can do no other.—*Lord Bacon.*

LATER NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM CAIRO.—CAIRO, ILL., Sept. 7.—Generals Pillow and Polk are at Columbus, with 7,000 rebels. Jeff. Thompson is in Missouri, directly opposite, with the balance of the rebel forces. Eight hundred Federal troops left here to-day to reinforce those at Paducha, and another regiment will follow immediately. A collision is expected between these forces and the rebels.

KENTUCKY.—The Senate is 27 Union to 11 secessionists; the House 77 Union to 24 secession. By direction of the House, the United States flag was hoisted over the Capital, the vote standing 77 against 20.

FROM MISSOURI.—SPRINGFIELD, MO., Sept. 8.—General McCulloch is reported to be at Mount Vernon, organizing for a bold and desperate effort northward.

There are various rumors about Gens. Price and Rains having taken Fort Scott, and defeated Col. Montgomery and taken all his stores, arms, &c., and taken all his command, himself among the rest, as prisoners, but they need confirmation. The rebels are great on such reports.

Gov. Jackson, with his body-guard, arrived here to-day, but his future movements are not known.

FROM WASHINGTON.—General McClellan's order for the observance of the Sabbath was read throught the entire line to-day, and was everywhere received with gladness. It is as follows:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Washington, Sept. 6, 1861.

The Major General commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of this command.

We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator.

Unless in case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commended to the commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath: that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend Divine service after the customary Sunday morning inspection, and that the officers and men alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day.

The General commanding regards this as no idle form. One day's rest in seven is necessary for man and animals. More than this, the observance of the holy day of the God of mercy and of battles is our sacred duty.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.
Official—S. Williams, Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

The demonstration of Beauregard upon the Chain Bridge is easily understood. He understands that, if hard pressed, our troops will cross over at that point and blow up the bridge, and in that event he would find it impossible to cross. But it is believed that he does not expect to pass the Potomac there. The great thing is to obtain possession of the river bank and hills at the Chain Bridge, as a base for operations against Fort Corcoran and our other fortifications on the Virginia side. Supposing that our weakest point is at the Bridge, the rebels have approached very close, and seem to be bringing up large reinforcements.

It is the opinion of officers of intelligence that no attack will be made by the Rebels from the direction of Munson's Hill, its occupation being merely a feint, to divert our attention from the Chain Bridge.

Nothing more is heard concerning the reported death of Jeff. Davis. He is supposed to be still living.

Our troops near Alexandria found six brass six-pounders yesterday, buried in the ground, a short distance from the railroad station. They were taken to Fort Ellsworth.

It is stated that the Rebel officer killed some days since by a rifle shot fired by Major Minturn, was Col. George W. Hughes, of the Eastern shore of Maryland, who raised a cavalry force in Maryland to prevent the movement of troops to Washington from Annapolis. Col. Hughes, who is supposed to have been the party killed, was one of the wealthiest men in his section of country.

A new and formidable battery has been discovered, commanding the Leesburg Railroad, about seven miles from the Chain Bridge, the felling of woods, by the rebels, having exposed it to the view of our troops. Owing to the distance no guns were discernible, nor any large body of troops. Men were, however, employed on the fortification to-day.

At daylight this morning our pickets advanced one mile further into Virginia, the rebels retiring before them from the direction of Arlington.

Last Wednesday the rebels fired from an eminence at Great Falls, sixteen miles from Washington, upon a body of our troops on the Maryland side. Their rifle cannon, although perhaps discharged a hundred times, wounded only one of our men. They attempted to ford the river by constructing a temporary bridge with planks, when they were repulsed by the sharp-shooters of the Seventh Pennsylvania Reserves, and a number of them killed. The rebels then retired from view, carrying with them their battery.

WESTERN VIRGINIA AND MISSOURI.—At length news comes from Gen. Rosecrans. He and his command are in good condition and spirits. He will soon engage the enemy somewhere in Western Virginia, without doubt. Such was his intention when last heard from. More encouraging news, also, comes from Missouri. Troops pour rapidly into St. Louis, and tons of arms and ammunition are transported from the east day and night. The vigor of Gen. Fremont is unsurpassed, and his proclamation of martial law has had a happy effect in Missouri and all over the west. The want of arms—good arms—is still the great drawback in the west, and this is also true to a certain extent here. Better arms are expected soon to arrive from Europe, and, even as it is, the rebels must be worse of than ourselves.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR.—A dispatch to the Navy Department, dated off Fort Pickens, August 17, says:—"An English man of-war steamer, flying a pennant, ran down to us last Sunday morning, and crossed our bows within a quarter of a mile, hauled his wind, and stood off without communicating or observing the usual courtesies common to all national vessels on meeting each other. This manœuvre, in presence of our enemy, was exhibited for the express purpose of showing John Bull's interest for King Cotton.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtain drawn, and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mrs. Mogg:
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

☞ The loss of goods and money is sometimes no loss: if you had not lost them, they might perhaps have lost you.

☞ The rebel papers advise the planters to keep their cotton at home, which is what the Federal Government means that they shall do.

NEWS ITEMS.

SHOWING HER COLORS.—A gentleman from Cheat Mountain tells the following:

A squad of Indiana volunteers out scouting in Virginia, came across an old woman in a log cabin, in the mountains. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her:—

"Well, old lady, are you secesh?"

"No," was her answer.

"Are you Union?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"*A Baptist, an' allys have been!*"

The Hoosiers let down.

SULPHATE of salt, or of soda, mixed in small quantities with the starch in which summer dresses or ladies' skirts are "done up," on the authority of Dr. Odling, of Guy's Hospital, London, will make them absolutely incombustible.

THE JEFF. DAVIS WRECKED.—The Richmond Enquirer, of the 30th of August, publishes a letter from Fernandina, Florida, dated the 21st, which has been received in Savannah, Ga., saying that the crew of the Jeff. Davis had arrived there, the vessel having been wrecked on the bar trying to get into St. Augustine, Florida. This news is corroborated by other Southern advices.

A SPARTAN MOTHER.—Among those who were on board the Kate Cassel to take leave of the New-Boston boys, was Mrs. Sanders, the aged mother of Mr. Mahlon Sanders, who went with the company. Five of her sons have volunteered to fight for their country, and when some of them asked how she felt under the trial of parting with all her boys, the grand old mother replied that she only regretted that she had not five more to lay upon the altar of her country.—*Olado (Ill.) Record.*

BAGGING and rope are what the cotton-growers must have before they can put their crop in marketable shape. King Cotton cannot be moved without them. These can only be obtained from Kentucky and Missouri, and the desperate fight the secessionists are going to make for the control of those hemp-growing states has especial reference to obtaining a supply of rope and bagging for their cotton, as well as lead for their army.

THE Duchess of Sutherland has become a convert to the Roman Catholic Church.

THE following is from a recent number of the *New Orleans Picayune*:—"Stephen A. Marshall was brought up before Recorder Adams, of the Fourth District, yesterday, charged with using incendiary language, and being an open enemy to the Southern Confederacy. The Recorder, after hearing testimony, committed the accused for six months."

A COMPANY OF MOUNTED DON COSSACKS.—Captain Romertze has arrived in Philadelphia from Washington, having authority to recruit a Company of Don Cossacks, to be equipped similar to the celebrated Don Cossacks of the Russian army, and to be drilled by Captain R., who has served a number of years in such a regiment, which was in active service. The Company of Don Cossacks will be attached to Colonel Friedman's Brigade.

A PASSENGER train of cars on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad was thrown into the Platte river on the 3rd, by some villain (probably a secessionist) having burned the supports of a bridge. The cars were smashed, the conductors, engineer, mail agent, fireman and brakesman killed, and all the rest on the train wounded.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR HATTERAS.—The troops at Forts Hatteras and Clark will not be permitted to suffer from lack of reinforcements. Eight hundred troops were sent from Fort Monroe on Sunday week, and others are to follow.

JOHNSON ON FREMONT.—Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, says the Cincinnati Gazette, was asked the other day what he thought of that part of Fremont's proclamation relating to the forfeiture of property and the manumission of slaves belonging to the armed rebels of Missouri; and replied, that it was just right—that "a man who will fight against the Union shouldn't be allowed to own a dollar or a dollar's worth."

AWKWARD.—As the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in Troy recently, the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise. A large number of ladies immediately rose, and in confusion all but one sat down quickly again.

EMANCIPATION OF RUSSIAN SERFS.—A Russian gentleman, owner of two thousand serfs, who has just made arrangements for their emancipation, in obedience to the orders of the Emperor, writes that "the peasants in the interior are lazy, but well-disposed; if met in a rational way, the transition from serfdom to freedom can be accomplished without excesses, and eventually the productiveness of the land will be considerably increased."

FREMONT'S BODY GUARD.—Fremont's body guard consists of one hundred and fifty young men, as much as possible of the same size and age, the flower of St. Louis. The horses are all of the same color, dark chestnut, and of equal height and appearance.—The uniform of the body guard, which has been chiefly furnished by the General himself, consists of black jackets and pants, with yellow stripes, of the finest woolen cloth.—Captain Zagonyi, who is commander of the body guard, is a Hungarian, and was in former years commander of General Bem's body guard, with which he went out in the wars, two hundred and fifty strong, and bold fellows, of whom only seventeen returned with him. Captain Zagonyi is a fine looking soldier, and regarded with the deepest affection by all the men under his command.

THE EFFECT OF THE BLOCKADE AT CHARLESTON.—Mr. Bunch, the British Consul at Charleston, writes to his friends in Washington that the effect of the blockade is felt with increased severity every week.—The Southern people are bitterly lamenting their destitute condition, from the hardships of which Mr. Bunch himself is not altogether free. He apprehends that if the blockade is not speedily raised, there will be no decent clothing in Charleston this winter. Common cotton duck is now the only available material. Mr. Bunch is also uneasy about his salary, which is interrupted by the blockade, and alludes to himself as being in the position of a "reduced consol."

IMPORTANT FROM GENERAL ROSECRANS.—The Government has received a telegram from General Rosecrans, embracing information that he was then, with a considerable portion of his command, between Bulltown and Flatwoods, on his way to attack Wise and Floyd, or either of them who might be in the vicinity of Summerville or Gauley's bridge. He started from Clarksburg (his head-quarters) upon this expedition, leaving an ample force to protect the Cheat Mountain pass, in Lee's front. By this time he has doubtless joined Gen. Cox, and the thus increased Union force is probably up with the enemy.

☞ Humor is the art of saying happy things that have the effect to make others happy; whilst wit, and especially that grade of it that takes the form of satire, is the art of saying smart things that are the cause of smarting in others.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

Come down, wild rain, come down!
I love to hear thee rattling on the roof,
Greening the woodlands with their leafy crown,
Freshening the blossoms with thy sheeny woof:
I love to hear thee pattering on the pane.
Come down, wild rain!

Out in the starless night
I hear thee sobbing like a broken heart,
Without protection from the chilling blight;
And tears of sadness from my eyelids start.
Oh! there is music in thy woesome strain.
Come down, wild rain!

Thou singest in the trees,
In sudden transport to the garden-flowers,
And to the birds thy silver melodies,
Which hold their cups to catch thy honeyed showers.
My soul leaps out to meet the vivid strain.
Come down, wild rain!

The time is sweet to me
When thou descendest from the great, calm sky.
Let others hymn the grand, symphonious Sea;
The sleepy, golden Noon's faint odorous sigh;
But I would shout across the earth and main,
"Come down, wild rain!"

Then gorgeous flowers are clad
With roseying bloom; the lark's strong wing
Is sprent with jewels; earth and sky are glad;
God's vine is trodden; and each lovely thing
Is flushed with joy, and rings a merry strain.
Come down, wild rain!

Silent as love the lake reposes;
A grand, blue calm hangs brooding everywhere;
The birds hold concert under roofs of roses;
And Nature worships God with praise and prayer;
The sick heart listens, and forgets its pain.
Come down, wild rain!

SHELDON CHADWICK.

THE HAND.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Next to the human face, the human hand is, perhaps, the most characteristic and interesting portion of the corporeal economy of our species. Situated at the extremity of the arm, and endowed with a wonderful system of nerves, it possesses the same delicate sense of investigation that makes the *antennæ* of insects so useful; while its thousand and one occupations give it a universality of character and sentiment accorded to no other organ.

Every portrait painter who studies with any degree of consciousness, knows that in painting a half-length or full-length picture, it is almost as important to secure a literal representation of the hands of his subject, as of the face. The *family likeness*—that mysterious resemblance that connects the most widely antagonistic and unlike persons—inevitably exists in the hands of all members of the same families, and often to a very powerful degree.

The difference in different hands is quite as great as the difference in faces. There are not only long hands and wide hands, short hands, and narrow hands, fat hands and lean hands, white hands and brown hands, soft hands and hard hands, cold hands and warm hands, but there are unmistakable characters developed by the hands alone. Let us analyse a type or two.

Here is a long, thin hand; white and transparent, with prominent knuckles—more through want of filling out than through largeness of bone. Firmly set upon a round, small wrist, it has both strength and grace of motion. Its skin is smooth and soft of texture, with a peculiarly delicate creamy quality of color—not dead-white, but of a soft, golden luminosity, except upon the knuckles and nails, which bear a roseate tint, like a blush, and add greatly to its beauty. In fact, it is far more admirable for color than for form. The nails are long, oval, and polished, rounding up well from the sides to the middle, and the wrinkles upon the knuckles are few, sharp, and well-defined.

This hand is flexible to an unusual degree. At rest, its long fingers are apt to be entertwined, or arranged in positions of involuntary grace. When in action, every movement is made with precision, as well as with a certain indescribable air of intelligence, as if the hand itself were endowed with more or less of mental power. This is the artist's hand, be it male or female; the *executive* type; the hand of a painter, a sculptor, a poet, a surgeon, or a musician. Only, where much piano-playing has been done, the form of the finger-ends is destroyed. Nearly all practical pianists carry little cushions of flesh at the ends of their digits, flattened out by constant pressure upon the ivory of the keys.

Another hand is short, flat, and inelegant. The knuckles are lost, and ill-formed dimples indicate where they should be. The skin is white, but unwholesome-looking, having, a sort of shine upon its surface. The fingers are thick at the ends—not from piano-playing, but by nature—and the nails are round and flat. The thumb—a great index of character—is a mere stump, without any marked shape, and its nail is thick and uneven.

It is a little singular that the poets have not done greater justice to the hand. They have raved about eyes, and lips, and hair, and bosoms, to an almost unlimited extent—sometimes, indeed, quite beyond the pale of reason; but we find very little about hands anywhere. Mention of them, as being clasped, wrung, uplifted, outstretched, &c., is not rare; but no detail, no particularization of hands often occurs in poetry. It is a new field, to the exploration of which I earnestly recommend our rising poets, and charge nothing for the suggestion.

Tennyson, even, can find nothing to say on this subject, compared to what he says on others, unless it be this *morceau*, which, so far as it goes, is excellent:—

> "I saw the treasured splendor, her hand,
> Come sliding out of her sacred glove."

Now, then, after having said so much on the topic, I suppose the young ladies will want to know something about the treatment of this important member of the human form divine. I confess that they might find other authorities more competent to teach this especial branch of maniology; but still, I will try to give them a hint or two.

The first consideration, of course, is whiteness, and it is by no means the easiest to attain. One thing is necessary—namely, gloves. Kid gloves are best; and the more you wear them, the sooner your hands will become white and soft. Meanwhile, certain other processes may be prosecuted with good effect. A quantity of bran in warm—not hot—water, with an emollient soap, such as glycerine, is the best preparation for washing. If any roughness remains, after a fortnight of gloving (particularly at night,) and using this, employ cold cream, moderately. The practice of sleeping with the arms over the head, as is sometimes done, is ruinous. The whiteness—or, rather, the pallor—thus conferred only lasts for an hour, and results, shortly, in a permanent wrinkling and discoloration of the skin.

The nails should be attended to as carefully as possible; nothing spoils the appearance of a hand otherwise pretty, like an ill-cut or badly-trimmed nail. Around the roots, where the skin grows up to meet the nail, there often appear certain little dry points, cracked off from the epidermis, and known as "ag-nails," or "hang-nails."—These, if neglected, ruin the beauty of any finger-tips, and become excessively painful. To prevent them, a blunt point should be passed around the root of the nail daily, to prevent the epidermis from growing too far and too closely upon it. The slight fold of skin, however, that borders it should never be cut away. It is Nature's own and most appropriate finish.

The nails should not be scraped with a sharp blade of any kind, either on their surface or at the ends. For cleanliness, use a stiff brush and plenty of soap and water. Vigorous rubbing with a stout towel every time the hands are washed, will give the surface of the nails a beautiful polish; and, by promoting the circulation beneath, a rosy tinge also, quite necessary to beauty. Cut them whenever they reach the furthest tip of the finger, and cut them exactly to the outline of that tip—neither square nor pointed, but oval, as nearly like the line of the root as possible.

The hand is capable of a much more analytical and detailed treatise, but the limits of time and space compel me to be brief. If I have said anything herein that meets your approbation, or have given you any hint that may lead to the beautification of this too often neglected organ, why—give me your hand!

Lived Poor and Died Rich.—A very good story is told of a sailor on board a vessel laden with Spanish dollars, which had been wrecked. The crew were taken off the wreck in boats, and just before the last boat was pushed off, a man was sent back to ascertain if there might not still be some one left. On arriving on the main deck, where the casks had been left, he found a fellow who had broken open several of the receptacles of base lucre and spread the contents thereof on a tablecloth on deck, in the midst of which he was seated, weapon in hand. Being told that the ship was fast going to pieces, he replied:—"The ship may go—I have lived a poor rascal all my life and I am resolved to die rich." Remonstrance was vain, and poor Jack, who preferred the death of a rich man to the life of a "poor rascal," was left to die all alone in his glory.

The Eldest Child.—The eldest child of a family holds a position, as it regards influence and importance, scarcely second to that of the parents themselves—often called upon in the temporary absence of the father and mother to direct home affairs, always looked up to as an oracle in matters of taste and opinion by the junior members, who draw inferences and shape conclusions even without the help of spoken words, even from so slight tokens as a raised eyebrow, or shrugged shoulder, or impatient gesture. Do elder brothers and sisters think enough of this? In after life they may, alas! but too sorrowfully, when they find themselves repeated in myriad forms of thought and expression, by those who then hung unnoticed upon their lips.

Facts in Brief.—Out of every thousand men twenty of them die annually. The number of inhabitants of a city or county is renewed every thirty years. The number of old men who die in cold weather as to the number of those who die in warm weather, is seven to four. The men able to bear arms form a fourth of the inhabitants of a country. The proportion between the deaths of women and those of men is 100 to 108. The probable duration of female lives is sixty; but after that period the calculation is more favorable to them than men. One-half of those who are born die before they attain the age of seven. Among 3,125 who die, it appears by the registers that there is only one person of one hundred years of age. More old men are found in elevated situations than in valleys and plains.

☞ **Uncomfortably near a Coincidence.**—In the late battle at Bull Run a soldier, around whom the cannon shot were flying particularly thick, on seeing one strike and bury itself in a bank near him, sprang to the hole it had scooped out, remarking, "Shoot away, you can't hit twice in the same place." At the instant another shot struck at a few feet distant, almost covering the fellow with sand and gravel. Emerging from what had so nearly become his grave, he continued the yet unfinished sentence, "but you can come so pesky near it that the first hole is uncomfortable."

☞ "Little Patti" is married to a Rothschild, nephew of the celebrated bankers.

OBJECTIONABLE ENGLISH.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Aggravate, in the sense of irritate. "He aggravated me so much that at last I struck him." The least reflection on the etymology of the word is sufficient to show how erroneously it is here used. A gentleman might say: "His conduct towards me was very insolent: the offence was aggravated by my having never shown him anything but kindness." It is probably from its use in such a legitimate connection of ideas, that it has at length come, in loose common speech, to represent the words insult and irritate.

Some. "It took the counsel some two hours to cross-examine the witness." The proper word to be used is "about." It is remarkable that Raleigh, Bacon, Milton, Addison, and Prior, use the word "some" in this objectionable way.

Progress, as a verb. "We are progressing favorably." This is a barbarism recently introduced from America. While such words as proceed and advance exist, it seems a pity to adopt a new one out of its old and accustomed sense. Here, too, however, there is not wanting a certain classic sanction, for the word is used as a verb by Milton.

Antiquarian, as a noun. Antiquarian being the adjective, it is surely best that we use antiquary as the noun, seeing that it is at our service. The language, by being varied, is enriched.

Talented. "Talents," in the sense of mental abilities, is itself a scarcely legitimate term, being only adopted figuratively from the word in the scriptural parable. When used as above, it becomes unbearable. Our language, as it happens, exhibits a poverty of words for mental ability; yet "gifted" would be preferable to "talented"

"*You would wish me to invite you; but I am not going to.*" "*Mark caught the words he was not intended to.*" These sentences give examples of an elision which has become very common in the familiar language of the middle classes, and is even creeping into print. Let it be condemned and avoided.

As well, in the sense of also. "He was very angry, and I was hot as well." This is another growing grammatical evil much to be deprecated.

Directly, in the sense of when or as soon as. "Directly the pot is boiling, take it off the fire." The word is here manifestly used in a wrong relation.

"*The question lays in a* nutshell." This sentence occurred a few years ago in a daily journal of very high repute. It is an example of a mistake very general in conversation among the middle classes of the English people (it is unknown in Scotland)—the active verb *lay* substituted for the neuter verb *lie*—and which most frequently occurs in the preterite, as "I *laid* down in bed," for "I *lay* down," &c.; or "I had scarcely *laid* down in bed," for "for I had scarcely *lain* down," &c.

Left, for departed. Thomas left this morning at six. In using the word "left," the mention of the place departed from is strictly necessary.

In this connection. "In this connection, we may also advert to the shallow learning of the present age." Meaning, in connection with this fact, or proposition, or group of ideas. This is a piece of corrupt phraseology which seems to have taken its rise in the American pulpit, but is now spreading in England.

"*Those sort of things.*" The proper expression to use would be that sort of things, or things of that kind.

"*John, whom she said was looking another way.*" This is an example of a direct breach of grammar not unfrequently seen in books. The relative pronoun ought obviously to be in the nominative (who,) to govern the verb "was looking;" the words "she said" being parenthetical.

Party, for person. "I asked Thomas if he had long known that party," referring to a gentleman formerly seen in Thomas's company. This vulgarism seems to have taken its rise in the counting-house and exchange, where, being first used legitimately with regard to individuals in a bargain, it has at length come to be employed as a general term for an individual or person. It ought to be sternly repressed.

To these specimens of improper English may be added a specimen of improper Scotch. The word "canny" is constantly used in English as a Scotch word, appropriate to a low prudence or roguish sagacity, which southern people are pleased to attribute to their northern kinsfolk. Now, if Englishmen feel themselves entitled to use terms of obloquy regarding the morals of their neighbors, let them do it in correct language. The word "canny," in reality, means gentle, innocent, propitious, and has no connection whatever with either cunning or prudence.

A SOLDIER'S ANCESTRY.

BY J. T. FIELDS

When Nadir sought a princess for his son,
And Delhi's throne required his pedigree,
He stared upon the messenger as one
Who should have known his birth of bravery.

"Go back," he cried, in undissembled scorn,
"And bear this answer to your waiting lord—
'My child is noble, for, though lowly born,
He is the son and grandson of the Sword!'"

Lord Mayor's Salary.—The Lord Mayor has an allowance of about £7,900; it is generally cited at £8,000, but it is barely so much. It is variable, even to the extent of £1,000 a-year more or less, owing to a portion of it being derived from dues on fruit. His household at the Mansion-house consists of twenty gentlemen, and he has a good retinue of servants; he has to provide his own horses and has to find a carriage and horses for the Lady Mayoress. The expenses of the Mayoralty usually exceed the allowance by about £5,000.

Under the Cloud and Through the Sea.

So moved they, when false Pharaoh's legion pressed,
Chariots and horsemen following furiously,—
Sons of old Israel, at their God's behest,
Under the cloud and through the swelling sea.

So passed they, fearless, where the parted wave,
With cloven crest uprearing from the sand,—
A solemn aisle before,—behind, a grave,—
Rolled to the beckoning of Jehovah's hand.

So led He them, in desert marches grand,
By toils sublime, with test of long delay,
On, to the borders of that Promised Land,
Wherein their heritage of glory lay.

And Jordan raged along his rocky bed,
And Amorite spears flashed keen and fearfully;
Still the same pathway must their footsteps tread,—
Under the cloud and through the threatening sea.

God works no otherwise. No mighty birth
But comes by throes of mortal agony:
No man-child among nations of the earth
But findeth baptism in a stormy sea.

Sons of the Saints who faced their Jordan-flood
In fierce Atlantic's unretreating wave,—
Who by the Red Sea of their glorious blood
Reached to the Freedom that your blood shall save!

Oh, Countrymen! God's day is not yet done!
He leaveth not His people utterly!
Count it a covenant, that He leads us on
Beneath the Cloud and through the crimson Sea.
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HOW THEY MAKE COD LIVER OIL.

A tourist in Newfoundland thus describes a visit to a cod liver oil factory at Petty Harbor, near St. John's:—"The process of making this article is quite simple. The livers, fresh from the fish, and nearly white, are cleanly washed, and thrown into a cauldron heated by steam instead of fire, where they gradually dissolve into oil, which is dipped out hot and strained, first through conical felt bags, and then through those made of white moleskin, from which it runs pure and sweet as table oil. Wine glasses were at hand, from which we tasted it, and found it entirely agreeable. In this state it is barreled for market, and sold at an average price of one dollar and fifty cents per gallon. By what process it is transmuted into that horrid stuff which is sold at a high price, in small bottles, perhaps the druggist can inform us. When I mentioned the character of cod liver oil in New York, a gentleman present, qualified to decide, did not hesitate to say that it was adulterated with some cheap, base oil. Near by a fish house, there is ordinarily seen a row of hogsheads open to the sun, and breathing smells that none but a fisherman can abide. A near approach discovers these casks to be filled with cod livers in a state of fermentation, After a few days in the sun, these corpulent and sweaty vessels yield a rancid, nauseous fluid, of a nut brown hue, at a much less cost than the refined oil of the manufactory, and which, I imagine, must have a flavor not unlike that which the invalid finds lurking in those genteel flasks on the apothecary's shelves. After all, our common whale oil, I suspect, after some cleansing and bleaching, and slight seasoning with the pure, is bad enough for sick people."

The English Government and the Armstrong Gun.—The last number of the London Engineer contains a leading editorial on the right of inventors to their ideas, which incidentally remarks that the Armstrong gun "*is inevitably destined to be abandoned as too complicated and costly for common use; guns of the simplest construction and made of soft steel being absolutely more effective.*" It will be remembered that the London Mechanics' Magazine has long regarded it as settled, that this gun was a failure; and now, after all the experiments that have been made, the rival publication, The Engineer, coming out so emphatically with the same opinion, is pretty conclusive proof of its correctness.

The English Government paid Armstrong $100,000 for his patent, and has expended more than $10,000,000 in constructing his guns for the army and navy. There can be little doubt that these will all be laid aside, and their places supplied with muzzle-loading guns. Slow as John Bull is, he seems quite as apt as some faster nations to go off half-cocked.—*Scientific American.*

Pin Money.—The origin of "pin money" was as follows: Toward the close of the fifteenth century, an epoch that makes a transition style in the dress of ladies, pins were looked upon with great favor as New Years' gifts. They displaced the old wooden skewer, previously used to fasten ladies' dresses, which no effort of skill, no burnishing of embellishment, could convert into a sightly appendage. Pins, in that simple age of the world, were luxuries of high price, and the gift was frequently compounded for in money, an allowance that became so necessary to the wants of ladies of quality, that it resolved itself at last into a regular stipend, very properly called "pin money."

☞ An officer, who was on intimate terms with the Prince of Orange, one day asked him the purpose of an extraordinary march they were making. "Will you keep the secret?" asked the prince. The officer hastened to assure his master that he was incapable of abusing his confidence. "I believe you," replied the prince; "but if you possess the gift of keeping a secret, the same blessing has also been conferred upon me."

☞ **Greatness.**—It is a remark of John Hunter:—"There never was a man that wanted to be a great man, ever was a great man. For great men have endeavored always to do some great action that seemed to tend to some great good, and the effect made them great. Wanting to be great is vanity without power."

SECESSION ANECDOTE.

James Jackson, of North Alabama, well known in New Orleans, particularly to the turfites thereabouts, volunteered as a private, and joined the Fourth Alabama Regiment, which suffered so severely at Bull Run. On the first charge of that gallant regiment, Jackson was shot through the lungs, and when the regiment was pressed back, he was left among the killed and wounded.—Shortly after, a Yankee approached him and said:—

"Friend, you appear to be badly wounded; what can I do for you?"

Jackson replied, "Some water, for God's sake!"

The Yankee, in giving him the water, noticed a fine fob chain hooked in his vest, and said:—

"Young man, I see you cannot survive; give me your watch, and I will send it to your mother."

Jim looked at him askant, and said:—

"Horse, that game is played out; I know you will take the watch from me, and I want to make a trade with you. If you will place me in the shade and fill my canteen with water, I will give you the watch."

The trade was struck in a minute, and after placing Jim in the shade and filling his canteen until it gurgled over, Jim told him to unhook her and draw her out; and before he left said to him, that if ever he should make a match race, and wished to know the speed of his horse, to time him with that watch, for he had given $285 for it at Liverpool, and there never was a better one turned out from the manufactory. Jim is getting well, having laid until Monday about 10 o'clock before he was found, and declared that his watch trade was the best he ever made since he had arrived at man's estate.—*Southern paper.*

A FACT IN PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

A parish schoolmaster in Scotland was, a few years ago, successful in attracting a considerable number of boarders to his establishment, for whom he constructed temporary buildings in connection with the small house allowed him by the parish authorities. He was extremely assiduous in pushing on the studies of his boarders in the evenings, that they might always be well prepared for the lessons in school next day; yet, to his no small surprise, the children of the small farmers and cotters, who never had any preparation beyond what they could give themselves at the cottage firesides of their parents, usually made a better appearance in school than their genteel and well-drilled compeers. On inquiring into this phenomenon, he became satisfied that the cottage children were benefited by the want of his evening tutorship, in other words, that the boarders were not the better of it. It appeared that they trusted too much to mechanically learning their lessons from him; while the cottage children, obliged to puzzle out everything for themselves, had their natural faculties evoked and brightened up, and, in this process, became the superior scholars. Being remarkably free from prejudice, he readily adopted the expedient of merely assigning the boarders their lessons, with grammar and dictionary, leaving them to their own resources for the rest; and he soon found, in their ascending to the level of the cottage children, a proof of the advantage of a self-dependent course of action in education, as in the affairs of the world generally.

Benedict Arnold.—The following acrostic on the name of Benedict Arnold, containing the fiercest invective on his treason, is ascribed to the pen of his cousin, Oliver Arnold. It is unsurpassed in bitterness:

Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's broadest realm ne'er knew so black a mind!
Night's sable veil your crime can never hide,
Each one so great 'twould glut historic tide.
Defunct, your cursed memory will live
In all the glare that infamy can give.
Curses all ages will attend your name,
Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

Almighty vengeance sternly waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul;
Nature looks shuddering back with conscious dread
On such a tarnished blot as she has made.
Let hell receive you, riveted in chains,
Doomed to the hottest focus of its flames!
—*Cleveland Herald.*

Washington's Love for Horses.—The President's stables in Philadelphia were under the direction of German John, and the grooming of the white chargers will rather surprise the moderns. The night before the horses were expected to be ridden, they were covered entirely over with a paste, of which whiting was the principal component part; then the animals were swathed in body-cloths, and left to sleep on clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful, glossy, and satin-like appearance. The hoofs were then blackened and polished, and, the leopard-skin housing being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service. Such was the grooming of ancient times.—*Recollections of Washington.*

☞ A battalion is smaller than a regiment—say two or four companies—and is commanded by a major. A regiment is composed of ten companies, and is commanded by a colonel; it has also a lieutenant-colonel and a major. A brigade is composed of two or more regiments, and is commanded by a brigadier-general. A division is composed of two or more brigades, and is commanded by a major-general.

☞ The Journal de Carleroi states that a dispute, of a purely personal nature, having arisen between two gentlemen of that place, the one affirming something which the other denied, they agreed to refer the matter to arbitration, the loser to give 2,000 francs to the poor of the town. Good deal better than a duel that was.

HOW AN ARMY MARCHES.

Our readers do not, of course, suppose that an army moves, when about serious work, as a regiment marches through our streets, or goes through a dress parade at the lower end of Boston Common. As follows is something like the style of doing the thing:

The troops are distributed according to the character of the country. In a very open country a large proportion of cavalry would be at the head of the column; but generally it is distributed throughout the line. The artillery should be in the rear of the first foot regiment. An advance or rear guard of mounted troops—one or two companies—should be detailed each day, and the regiment that has the right of the line one day, should be next day in the rear. In a woody or mountainous country, detachments or flankers and skirmishers are thrown out to the right and left of the column, at a distance of one or two hundred paces, to keep a sharp look-out, and prevent any such disastrous and gratuitous experiences as those painfully and recently familiar to us in connection with the ambuscade on the road to Vienna. The column having been formed at half or quarter distance, and the baggage train assembled in the rear, protected by a guard selected from each regiment for its own baggage, the column is put in motion and the march commences with the same regularity as would be observed by a regiment moving in or out of a garrison town, the bands playing, the light infantry with arms sloped, and those of the riflemen slung over the shoulder, the officers with swords drawn, exact wheeling distances preserved, and perfect silence observed. After having proceeded a short distance in this manner, the word of command, "route step," is given by the general at the head of the leading battalion and passed quickly on to the rear. The captains, instead of continuing at the head of their companies, draw back to the rear of them, that they may see any men of their respective companies who attempt to quit the ranks without leave. The soldiers then march and carry their arms in any manner convenient to them, conversation and smoking being ordinarily allowed.

WHAT IS IN THE BEDROOM?

If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound.—That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bed clothes. If a single ounce of wood or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be one ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now the 16 ounces of smoke, thus formed, is far less poisonous than the 16 ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body.

Need more be said to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlids, and mattresses, in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed?—*American Agriculturist.*

Power of a Horse's Scent.—There is one perception that a horse possesses, that but little attention has been paid to, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is acute as with the dog; and for the benefit of those that have to drive nights, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I have never known it to fail, and I have rode hundreds of miles dark nights; and in consideration of this power of scent, this is my simple advice; never check your horse at nights, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured that he will never get off the road, and will carry you expeditiously and safe. In regard to the power of scent in the horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen, and recovered mainly by the track being traced out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours.

Children.—Blessed be God for all that the children enjoy. Did you ever think of it, how independent children are of circumstances? How the children of the poor are as happy with a penny toy, with a bit of broken china, a rag-baby, or their mud pies, as the offspring of the rich with their endless variety of playthings, selected with so much care from the most expensive shops? Do you know how ready children are to find enjoyment in any condition, with a contentment and cheerfulness which grown up people may indeed envy? It is not until they become acquainted with the conventionalities of the world, and find they lack what is most important in the world's eye, that discontent creeps into the heart and dissatisfaction takes the place of this blessed state.

☞ **Altering the Score.**—Hard-up Customer—"Let me see, how much is that little amount I owe you?" Expectant Grocer (*blandly*)—"£2 15s., sir." Hard-up Customer—"Ah, well, give me another bottle of whiskey—that will be £2 19s., and—have you got a shilling? Ah! thank you! That will be just £3—you can make a memorandum of it. Good-morning!"

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

A SUMMER LYRIC.

Under a maple I dreamily lie,
Down by the river;
'Neath the fervid glow of a noonday sky,
Down by the river;
I watch the leaves in the eddies whirl,
And the smoke of my meerschaum lazily curl
Up towards a heaven of azure and pearl,
Down by the river!

I hear the June-bug's drowsy hum,
Down by the river;
I watch the honey-bee go and come
Down by the river;
The little waves ripple along the sand,
My pipe drops out of my idle hand,
My soul is away in fairy land,
Down by the river.

A sudden rapture my pulses thrill,
Down by the river;
Can it be I am dreaming still,
Down by the river?
Over me bends a presence bright,
An angel, surely—its robes are white,
Its tresses are rays of golden light,
Down by the river!

Rosily, cheek and forehead flush,
Down by the river;
Can it be possible angels blush?
Down by the river.
Can it be possible one would say,
"Pardon me, sir," and flit away
In such a very provoking way,
Down by the river?

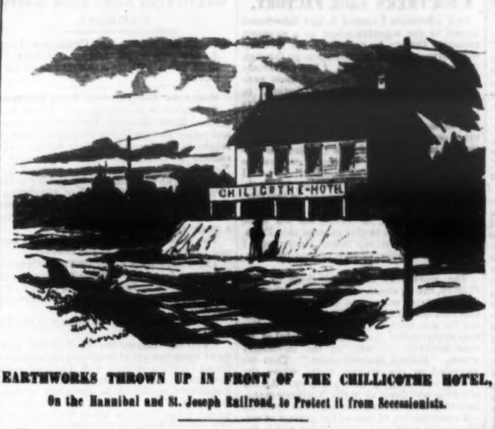
Up to my feet I start and gaze,
Down by the river;
Landward, seaward, all in a maze,
Down by the river;
Small satisfaction my scrutiny brings,
Not even a glimpse of vanishing wings,
Angels are certainly slippery things,
Down by the river.

After all, it was only a dream,
Down by the river!
Strange, how vivid some visions seem,
Down by the river!
Stay,—what's this? A treasure trove,
Angel, or vision, or Spirit of Love,
She's dropped the daintiest sort of a glove,
Down by the river!

And further along by the sedgy brim,
Down by the river,
Is the print of a slipper, tiny and slim,
Down by the river;
Delicate foot-print, gauntlet small,
Surely, surely ye cannot be all!
Left she no other token at all,
Down by the river?

Nothing save these! But alack-a-day!
Down by the river,
She hath stolen the dreamer's heart away,
Down by the river.
Left him naught but an empty breast,
Naught but a world-wide weary quest
For the beautiful vision that broke his rest,
Down by the river!

—*Vanity Fair.*



EARTHWORKS THROWN UP IN FRONT OF THE CHILLICOTHE HOTEL,

On the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, to Protect it from Secessionists.

The above, from the *Illustrated News*, affords an illustration of the sad times they are having now in the noble state of Missouri. We hope to hear in the course of a few weeks, that the invaders have been driven out, that brigandage is suppressed, and that towns no longer have any necessity for entrenchments to guard them.

THE COQUETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. L. D. SHEARS.

It isn't every young lady of sweet seventeen, that has such a cousin Bob, such a fascinating cousin Bob, as had my young friend Miss Angelina Striker of Strikersville. It was quite strange that this interesting youth had never before taken the pains to hunt up his uncle and cousins. Perhaps he had read in some floating paper the story of the "Country Cousin's Visit to the City," and fearing such a calamity might befall himself if he commenced an acquaintance, had kept his whereabouts a secret. Perhaps he might have forgotten that he had an uncle Striker, an aunt Striker, and half a dozen cousins of the above striking name, until the doctor ordered him into the country for the summer, hoping thereby to cure him of a disagreeable cough of long standing; but, be that as it may, one fine afternoon in June he found himself with a small carpet bag set down at the depot at Strikersville.

Having ascertained that Mr. Richard Striker lived in the village, in a large white house on the right hand side of the way, just as you turn from Main street into Elm, and that he was a man of some note in the place, being *Justice* of the peace and *Deacon* of the church, as well as holding several minor offices both in "church and state," Mr. Robert Striker condescended to walk up to his uncle's residence.

Miss Angelina was the only one of the family at home, her parents having taken the remainder of the family with them on a western tour.

When she peeped through the Venetian blinds at the tall, elegant figure coming up the lawn, and caught a glimpse of his handsome face, she wondered who it could be.

To tell the truth she was not a little proud of her cousin, when he made himself known, and when on the following morning she took his arm and swept up the gravel walk to the church, she was pleased to note the looks of curiosity which were leveled at him by many a village maiden.

She knew the girls would mistake him for her *beau*, Mr. Fred. Swift, for she gave him a seat in her father's pew, they both sang out of the same hymn book, and, in short, as Miss Agatha Symmons observed to Deacon Shrewsbury's wife going out of church, "they seemed wonderful *thick* with each other."

"Who was that young lady with fair hair and deep blue eyes, that sat first in the choir," asked Cousin Bob of Angelina.

"That was Miss Isabel Warren, cousin; but why the question?"

"For no particular reason," he said evasively. "Perhaps I should not have noticed her, had her seat been less conspicuous."

"That is what I have heard people say before; with all her demure, innocent ways, she will manage to push herself into notice. Do you think her handsome, cousin?"

"Not strikingly so."

"Well, she has more admirers than any young lady in town; in fact not a stranger pops his head into the village, but like you, he makes inquiries at once concerning the young lady with blue eyes and fair curls, and the next thing we hear, he falls in love with her."

"And the next thing to that?" asked Cousin Bob, showing his white teeth, as he smiled.

"Why, the *mitten*, of course!"

"Then it seems the young lady is in no hurry to marry?"

"Not she, so long as she finds plenty of lovers to flirt with; and the young men hereabouts seem to have grown equally foolish. She has broken up no less than three matches within the last six months."

"Ah, indeed!" said Cousin Bob, looking down upon his shining broadcloth. "If I thought myself sufficiently attractive, I would endeavor to pay off the young lady in her own coin."

"No doubt she, as well as the rest of the young ladies of the village, think you Mr. Fred. Swift, the gentleman I have been corresponding with. You see, cousin, it is next to impossible to keep one's affairs a secret here. One can't drop a letter into the post-office, be they ever so sly, without the whole village knowing the address, nor can one receive a letter without every gossiping individual knowing the post-mark."

"Such a state of things must be quite disagreeable," said Cousin Bob, with a roguish smile, as he looked into Angelina's blushing face. "I suppose the heartless Miss Warren stands ready, with her irresistible attractions, to lay siege to the heart of your lover."

"Yes, I hear she has been quite anxious to have him venture within the sphere of her attractions."

"Capital!" exclaimed Cousin Bob, clapping his hands. "Do not undeceive her; that is, let her still think me Mr. Fred. Swift, and I promise you we will have some rare sport, and in the meantime teach the unfeeling young lady a lesson.

"The young ladies' sewing circle meet here on Tuesday, and as all the ladies will be sure to be here, it will be a fine opportunity to introduce you as Mr. Fred. Swift," said Miss Angelina, no less delighted than her cousin at the prospect of giving the coquettish young lady her deserts. "It is fortunate for me that father is not here. No doubt he would exclaim against my joining my cousin in deceiving Miss Bell Warren, but I don't see the least harm in it. May be, after suffering what, she has made a dozen others suffer, she'll see the folly of her ways, conclude to marry Sam Preston, and settle down as she ought to, instead of perching herself up in the singers' seat where the young men can't help but look at her," were Miss Striker's reflections, as she walked home from church. Having satisfied her conscience that she was doing exactly right, she set about making preparations for the "Circle," and as Cousin Bob was to be present, she broke over sundry rules and regulations, furnishing the table with two more kinds of cake than the law of the aforesaid "Circle" allowed, also custard and preserves, another infringement. Then there was a pyramid of Havana oranges and sugared fruit placed in the centre of the table, which caused the ladies of the "Circle" to stare aghast when they beheld such a display, and so worked upon their minds, that a special meeting of the Society was called a month after, and Miss Angelina about to be arraigned for solemn trial, when it leaked out that the young gentleman had furnished the fruit, and himself placed it upon the table.

"Ah, cousin, what a magnet you have proved," exclaimed Miss Angelina, when he returned, with a dripping umbrella and mud spattered gaiters, from having escorted Miss Warren home. "If you had only found us out a year or two ago, our seats in church need not have gone without cushions, nor our church without a carpet till this time. Every young lady of which our good village can boast from fifteen to thirty-five, was present, notwithstanding the rainy afternoon.

"Had I dreamed of possessing such an interesting cousin in such a charming country village, I *should* have found you out before, depend upon it," was Cousin Bob's reply, but as for your sewing circles, I am quite disgusted with them. Pray don't allow another to form while I am here."

"Why I am sure you had the field to yourself during the afternoon, and a fair opportunity of observing the young ladies," said Miss Angie.

"Yes, one might look his eyes out, but never a word could he speak. There was that sharp featured old thing, whom I think you introduced as Miss Quimby, kept her everlasting tongue running about young ladies improving their time. Afternoons were short, and she felt it incumbent on her to see that every moment was employed. Once when I thought I had got near enough Miss Warren to hazard a remark or two, this indefatigable woman plumped herself in a seat between us, and after insisting on Miss Warren's making all possible haste to finish a pillow-case, which by the way I noticed had sleeves in it, she began such a catechism of questioning with me, that I found myself pinned to the seat until tea was announced, and to-night when she saw me come out with an umbrella to accompany Miss Warren, she popped her head under too, saying, 'I live but a few doors beyond her, on the same street, so I suppose it will be no trouble.'"

But Mr. Robert Striker was not always to be bothered with such an interloper as the prudish Miss Quimby. He found ample opportunity, within the next few days, to make the acquaintance of the village belle, and she laughed and shook her sunny curls, and went through all her captivating airs in his presence without in the least affecting his heart.

Although he always had a bow and a smile for her when they met, he was apparently devoted to Miss Angie, whom he always accompanied to the Wednesday night meetings and the singing schools, as well as any little gatherings they might chance to have about town. The idea that any gentleman could possess a heart incapable of appreciating her attractions, had never before occurred to Miss Isabel, and she was for a time sadly puzzled how to act. Many a time, after a most agreeable conversation, he had suddenly left her without an apology, for the side of his betrothed, which she considered quite heartless treatment, after the pains she had taken to subvert his affections. At times she grew quite complaisant to her old lover, Sam Preston, who was ever lingering near to catch a smile, but this did not seem to disturb Mr. Swift. He was ready to give her an hour of his agreeable company when he found her unengaged, and as ready at the next moment to obey the slightest wish of Miss Striker.

Thus matters were standing, when a young Mr. Nelson made his debut in Strikersville, and as he was quite attractive in appearance, and belonged to a very respectable family, his coming was considered no small acquisition to the society, and Miss Isabel soon had not only the gratification of beholding another added to the train of her admirers, but an opportunity to show Mr. Swift her indifference to his divided attentions. Poor Preston again slunk neglected away, and Mr. Nelson was favored with the young lady's smiles, to the general indignation of those young men who had sued so arduously for her fair hand only to be disappointed, and the horror unspeakable of those marriageable young ladies who had seen suitor after suitor dragged from the sphere of their own attractions by the incorrigible beauty, to be played with for a while, then rejected.

If Mr. Robert Striker was not well pleased to see a new suitor in the list, he was careful not to betray his feelings to the young lady, who had now but little time to devote to him, so engrossed did she appear to be with the attentions of Mr. Nelson.

A short distance from the village was a clear and beautiful lake, on which the young people were wont to take picnic excursions in summer to a small island in the centre.—This island, scarcely a mile in extent, was mostly shaded by dark evergreens; it formed a cool and beautiful retreat, and was named by the young people, Cedar Grove. Thither they had resolved to go, and after talking the matter over with his cousin, Mr. Striker ran over to acquaint Miss Isabel with the decision.

Before he reached the house, he beheld the object of his visit seated upon a stone step leading from the garden to an orchard quite under the hill at the rear of the house. Deep in the mysteries of an intricate embroidery pattern, she did not hear his stealthy step approaching. "If he were to remain a thousand years," she murmured, speaking her thoughts aloud. But at this moment smack went a kiss on her soft white forehead, and jumping up with an angry exclamation, she faced the intruder.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Warren, for the liberty I have taken," stammered Mr. Striker, "but it was such a temptation I really could not help it."

Miss Warren was in reality more vexed that he had overheard her words, than at the flagrant breach of etiquette he had committed. She knew she was thinking of him and uttering her thoughts aloud, when suddenly surprised by his appearance, but what she had said she tried in vain to recall, so she stood with flushed face and pouting lips, feeling that she had a right to be very angry, for she would not, for all the world, have him know that she cared a straw for him.

"Miss Angie sent me to say to you that the picnic for Cedar Grove was to come off to-morrow."

"Thank you for the information," replied Miss Isabel, in a cold, offended tone.

"And I thought, if you were not already engaged, you might be induced to give us your company."

"Miss Striker will doubtless need all your attention," said the still angry beauty, stooping to gather up her scattered work. This done, she turned and walked towards the house slowly enough to have heard the lightest word from the young gentleman; but contrary to the maiden's expectations, he neither called her to return nor followed her, and though her inclination to forgive him was each moment growing stronger, she finally disappeared in the house.

That afternoon she saw him pass the house linked arm in arm with Miss Angie, but he did not look up to her chamber window with a nod, as was his wont, though he must have known she was sitting there. After they had passed, she began to feel quite lonely, and tying on her pretty straw hat, and throwing a delicate little shawl around her shoulders, she ran down to the station and stepped aboard a train of cars just at that moment stopping before the depot, thinking to make a short call on a friend in Dalton, a small village three miles above them, and return home on the down train, due an hour and a half later; but, as is often the case, in the agreeable company of her young friend, she forgot herself, and the cars went whizzing away from the Dalton station just a moment before she arrived.

There was nothing to be done now but to sit down and wait patiently the coming of the next train, which would not be due under an hour, and the sun had already gone down. As she had not mentioned to her mother her intention of coming to Dalton, she well knew they would feel some anxiety at her absence if she were missed, and the minutes of the next hour passed slowly away, as she watched the movement of the timepiece that hung in the ladies' room at the depot.

The welcome whistle at length fell on her ear, and she soon after stepped aboard the cars, which were crowded to overflowing with passengers.

"Will you have this seat, madam?" asked a youth, removing a valise from a portion of the seat he occupied.

She could do no better than accept, but scarcely had she seated herself beside him, when the engine ran off the track, and the car in which she was sitting was thrown down an embankment. The young man, after ascertaining that she had escaped injury, bore her from the ruin around. Though desperately frightened, she had escaped unharmed.

"How far are you from home?" asked the stranger, seeing she looked quite perplexed at her situation.

"A little more than a mile," she replied.—"I live in Strikersville, the next village below, and I must set out on foot for home at once, for my parents, who did not know of my absence, will feel alarmed."

"That is the place where I am to stop," said the young man, "and if you will wait till I have secured my valise, I will accompany you."

As there were quite a number of ladies as well as gentlemen who had set out to walk to the next station, they joined the party, and the young gentleman at length began making inquiries regarding the Strikers. Isabel was more surprised still when they came within the range of the lamp carried by the conductor, to behold the *name* of "Fred Swift" painted in large white letters upon the black enamelled leather of the valise.

"If I mistake not, there is a gentleman of that name now visiting at Mr. Striker's," said she, pointing to the valise.

"A gentleman now there!" said Mr. Swift, looking at the maiden in surprise. I think you *must* be mistaken, for that is *my* name."

"Notwithstanding, there has been a gentleman visiting Miss Angeline for two weeks or more, whom she has introduced by that name, and every one supposed him her lover."

"I cannot doubt your word, madam, and yet I cannot understand it; are you quite sure his name is *Swift?*"

"Quite sure," replied Isabel, smiling at the youth's earnest manner. "I had an interview with him this morning. He came to tell me he was to take Miss Striker to a picnic at Cedar Grove to-morrow. There is a large party going."

"If not engaged, I beg you will permit me to accompany you," said the genuine Swift. "There is a mystery about this affair that I would fain unravel before making my presence known."

Miss Warren was rather pleased than otherwise to accept of the escort of the stranger for the pic nic, and she told him the hour for meeting would be at ten precisely on the following morning.

True to the appointment, Mr. Swift arrived, and he found the young lady already attired for the excursion, awaiting him with a smiling face.

"See," said she, holding up a handkerchief, which she had found in the grass near where she had had an interview with the supposed Swift. "I know this to belong to him, from the peculiar stamp in the border, I saw him have it yesterday; and that is, without doubt, his name."

"Robert Striker," exclaimed Mr. Swift, pronouncing the name she held up to view. Then he is without doubt a relative."

"I should judge so, a cousin, perhaps," replied the maiden; "but don't you think as they have made bold to use your name, that it would be a good joke for you to take the name of Striker, just for to-day?"

"Certainly," said Swift. "I give you leave to introduce me by any name you see fit to use. I wonder how *they* will enjoy the sport."

Miss Warren wondered too; and she wended her way to the landing with a light heart, notwithstanding the annoyance of yesterday.

All were there before them; even the would-be Mr. Swift, and Miss Angie; and most of them had taken their places in the fine pleasure boat, when Miss Warren and her escort came in sight.

"When I saw Nelson, and Preston, and all her old beaux here with their respective ladies, I thought she would for once be obliged to remain home," said Miss Angie Striker, in a whisper to Agatha Simmons, "but it seems she has 'picked up' somebody."

The waving branches of the trees that lined the bank prevented her obtaining a view of the gentleman's face until they were at the boat-side. Jumping out with his accustomed gallantry, the would-be Mr. Swift was about to lend a hand in assisting the lady into the boat, when she introduced him to Mr. Robert Striker, her companion. The so-called Mr. Striker smothered his laughter as well as he was able, to see the strange expression assumed by the young man at the mention of his own name, and Miss Angeline's countenance underwent a sudden and serious change when her lover was brought to her side and introduced by Miss Warren as Mr. Robert Striker. Cousin Bob saw at once that there was something amiss, but no secrets could be whispered in such a crowd without their reaching more ears than they were intended for; so he kept by the side of Miss Angie and watched her countenance, which became at every merry laugh from Miss Warren and her companion only more disconcerted.

The boat had scarcely landed them on the beach, when seizing her cousin's arm Angie exclaimed,

"Did you ever see anything so unfortunate?"

"I see nothing so very unfortunate, only that the roguish girl has in some way got hold of my name, and given it to her clownish companion, just to make me feel awkward, I suppose."

"Clownish companion! indeed," replied Miss Angie, just ready to cry with vexation, "it is Mr. Fred Swift, and no one else, who is gallanting her about."

Of course cousin Bob had a great many apologies to make. He hadn't really looked at him, or he never *could* have called him clownish. He should have noticed him more particularly, only it didn't make any difference to *him* who escorted the young lady.

"He must be very angry," sighed Miss Angie, but as he came along just at that moment, in company with Miss Warren, he didn't look in the least offended, on the contrary there was a broad grin on his face.

"Ah, Mr. Swift," exclaimed Miss Warren, "will not Miss Striker and yourself join our party? We are going around on the north side of the island to spread our lunch under the firs, and enjoy the cool breeze."

"This is not Mr. Swift, but my cousin Bob," said Miss Angie, unable longer to continue the deception she had at first so readily participated in.

"And who am I?" exclaimed Swift the real, striking the attitude of a valiant knight of the olden time.

"Why, you are my own dear Fred, are you not?" and the pretty hand was extended, and the penitent face upturned so pleadingly, that Swift forgot in a moment that there was the least harm in her loaning his name for a few days to a *fascinating* cousin.

"Ah, Angie, a pretty turn things are taking truly," whispered cousin Bob. "I suppose I am to be *nobody* henceforth, while you'll go trudging off with Mr. Swift, leaving to me the disagreeable task of entertaining the coquette, and nobody will feel interest enough to watch and see if *I* get caught in the cruel snare."

"You cannot say you haven't been warned," exclaimed Miss Angie, not sorry to find herself beside her lover again; and she resigned her cousin to the tender mercies of Miss Warren far more readily than she would have done two weeks before.

Mr. Striker did not look as unhappy as might have been expected, considering the exchange he had been obliged to make in companions. A spirit of warfare seemed continually raging between them. Miss Warren was sure to admire whatever he thought disagreeable, and when the dark cloud that had risen unobserved by the gay party, began to send forth its forked lightning and its muttering thunder, and all began to scramble for the boat, she didn't see the least need of all this haste. She had always thought a storm on the water must be a sublime scene, and she should now have the satisfaction of witnessing one were it not that the gentlemen were all such cowards.

"You will doubtless see enough of it," replied Mr. Striker, trying to find a seat that would shelter her from the wind and rain; but she insisted on standing beside him in the bow of the boat to watch the progress of the storm, while the wind increased to a gale, making sad havoc with her sunny curls and the gauze ribbons of her bonnet.

"That was a glorious leap," she said, laughing at the fears of her companions, as the boat made a fearful plunge: but the next moment her bonnet was torn from her head by the shrieking wind, and in springing forward to recover it, she lost her balance, and the waves closed over her beautiful form ere Striker could divest himself of his coat and hat and plunge in after her.

The boat was driven on with such fury by the wind, that it was impossible to manage it, and all thought the daring youth must be lost in his attempt to rescue the maiden. But they were fortunately near the shore when the accident occurred, and being an expert swimmer, he gained the bank with his dripping burthen, nearly as soon as the rest of the party.

"Ah, Cousin Bob, who would have thought you such a fool as to get caught in the net so soon after my warning," said Miss Striker to him on the morning following the accident.

"Caught, I'll acknowledge," he replied, looking not in the least abashed at the confession he was making; "but while getting caught myself, I have hooked my *fish*."

"And Miss Isabel Warren has really decided to marry! Pray make known, for the benefit of the thousand-and-one rejected suitors your method of wooing," said Miss Angie.

"Well if you must know, I told the mischievous girl, after I had once secured a firm hold of her in the water, that if she didn't promise to marry me after all the trouble I had been at to save her, that I would just *let her drown*; and so, you see, she promised—not in words, but by a genuine squeeze of the hand, which answered every purpose."

"And is this the lesson you were to teach the unfeeling young lady, cousin Bob?"

"I will teach her the best lesson, and the most necessary one, that can at present be taught a young lady; and you, my dear cousin, may profit by it, too, if you will. I will teach her how to become a good wife."

"But your precepts will fall all unheeded on my ears, unless you set the example by becoming a most excellent husband," was Miss Angie's pert reply.

CROOKED SPINES IN GIRLS.

It is a sad fact, that nearly every young lady in fashionable life has a lateral curvature of the spine.

This comes on at the age of ten or eleven, and continues slowly but steadily to increase, unnoticed even by a mother's watchful eye, till the child is really deformed—one shoulder is much larger and higher than the other, so that the dressmaker is obliged to put cotton in the dress, to make the back look flat and square.

The boys—their brothers, have no such trouble; why should they? The question may well be asked by every thoughtful parent.

"I answer that *improper dress* and other physiological errors, in which girls constantly indulge, produce this mischief.

The dress of the girl is always tighter than her brothers, and this begun when she is quite young, "to give her a form," the mother says, as if God did not do this when he made the child.

The constant pressure on the *muscles* of the spine, which are designed to keep it straight, causes absorption of those muscles, and as the right arm is used more than the left, the spine is drawn under the right shoulder blade, thus making it project. The muscles are so weakened by absorption, they cannot bring the spine back to its proper position, and to have a case of lateral curvature.

In addition to this tight dress, I have seen girls of *thirteen* and *fourteen* with corsets on. Often these are adopted by thoughtless mothers in the hope to straighten the child, but under their cruel pressure, the difficulty rapidly increases, till the poor deformed girl is sent to a spinal institution to be treated.

While this difficulty is gradually increasing, the young girl is sent to school, to spend five or six hours each day bending over a low desk, and when she returns home, instead of being allowed to play ball or any active game in the open air, as her brothers are, is placed on a high piano stool, where her toes but just touch the floor, with nothing to protect her back. In this position she must sit one long, painful hour.

Do you wonder that she has a crooked spine? I wonder that any escape, for all are obliged to pass through the same killing ordeal.—*Lewis' Gymnastics.*

A $40 CURE FOR STAMMERING.

A correspondent of the American Agriculturist asks us, first if there is any reliance to be placed in a certain "Professor" who advertises "to cure the worst cases of stammering, or 'stuttering,' for $40;" and second, if we can advise any remedy, as she has a son badly affected. We will answer both questions by saying that the secret for which the $40 is asked, has long been known, though we have had no occasion to verify its utility; and further, that she can have the secret from us for $1, viz. the $1 she has already paid for the Agriculturist this year. Here it is: Let the stammerer begin at once to beat time for *every word he utters*, either in talking or reading, just as if singing the words. If this does not stop the hesitancy, then try beating time to every syllable, and afterwords gradually run into beating for words, and then for sentences. The beating can be done with the foot, or with a hand, or one finger of the hand, or by striking the finger and thumb together. Thus: "When (beat) in (beat) the (beat) course (beat) of (beat) hu-(beat) man (beat) e-(beat) vents, (beat) etc." A persistent course of measuring the words until the stammerer can read and talk straight forward, though slowly, for an hour at a time, will doubtless overcome the habit of stammering. We do not say that this will always effect a perfect cure in the worst cases, where the stammering or habit has been long established, but from the nature of the defect, it must be greatly modified, if not cured. And at least here is all you will get if you send your $40 to the "Professor," who has no more skill, and no more right to the "secret" than we have.—*American Agriculturist*

SENATOR JOHNSON

ON THE CAUSES OF THE REBELLION.

From the Cincinnati Commercial, Sept. 2.

During the afternoon of Saturday, it became noised abroad that the Hon. A. Johnson, Senator from Tennessee, was a guest at the Burnett House, and forthwith the admirers of that honest and sturdy patriot determined to compliment him with a serenade.

The hope of hearing his manly voice once more ring out in rebuke to the destroyers of the national peace, drew together a very large concourse of citizens. In response to a call, Mr. Johnson made a stirring and patriotic address, of which we give the spirit:

ADDRESS.

It was my intention to have gone through this city quietly and unobserved, although I am free to say that the approbation which you, my fellow-citizens, have bestowed upon my conduct, is appreciated, and will ever be held in affectionate remembrance by me.

A few weeks since, when it was my privilege to pass through Cincinnati, you were pleased to bestow upon me a demonstration of your approbation far beyond my merits or my worth.

My efforts still continue unabated in trying to carry out those measures which are necessary to sustain the Government in its emergency, and I hope that nothing will ever transpire which will tend to abate these efforts.

ON RECANTATION.

I have to-night read with great pain and regret the reported recantation, by a distinguished citizen of Tennessee, of the views hitherto expressed by him. I regret this step on the part of that distinguished citizen for two reasons. I regret it on account of our cause, but I regret it more on his own account. If it were my own case, I do not hesitate to say that rather than make such a recantation, I would be screwed down in an iron coffin, and buried in the earth. But I trust that it is not so, and of what I know of that distinguished citizen, I do not believe the report to be true.

ON THE DEFEAT AT MANASSAS.

A few weeks since, when I passed through your city, the crisis was thickening, and since then it has continued to grow thicker and blacker, and if the result of the contest has chilled (I mean the battle fought at Manassas) and dispirited you, how much more heavily must it have fallen upon the lovers of the Union in the Southern States, and how much greater must have been its tendency to discourage the Union men there. But I tell you that if the sullen, smothered, Union feeling of the South has receded, it is like the smothered fires of Vesuvius, which only fall to gather more lava and more heat, that when the time comes they may burst forth with the more destructive fury. [Cheers.] When the time comes in which the smothered sentiments of Southern Union men shall burst forth, they will visit destruction upon those who have exiled them from their homes and devastated their property. Manassas should but stimulate you to make such a demonstration as will teach traitors both North and South (for I tell you that you have them here), that there is a power in this Government sufficient to preserve it from destruction, and that you are determined that the Union shall be preserved. [Cheers.]

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

We have heard much said about the rights of this section and of that section, about the right of this sort of property and to that sort of property, but I tell you that the true cause of this strife lies deeper than any such current. Ever since men began to be organized into civilized communities, there have been those who contended that all power originated in usurpation, and that the few were born to rule the many. This is the principle which underlies the contest now going on. [Cries of "That's so."]

And if this Rebellion should succeed in destroying the Government—as I pray God it may not—then there would be established upon its ruins either an aristocracy or a monarchy. The question submitted to you is not "Shall we stop at Manassas?" but the issue is, you must either conquer them or they will conquer you. If they take Washington, do you think they will stop? No. They will take Baltimore; and if they take Baltimore, they will want Philadelphia; and having Philadelphia, they will march to New York, until, as their Secretary of War said in Montgomery, they will dictate the terms of their compromise within the walls of Faneuil Hall. I speak plainly; it is their intention to give you a military dictatorship. The same bayonets which destroy this Government will dictate the next. Instead of a Constitution, they will give you swords and bayonets. We need not mince or hesitate in the matter. We speak in common parlance, you must either whip them or they will whip you. They are, many of them, insolent, proud braggarts, like spoiled children; and badly spoiled, at that. You must whip it out of them, or they will whip you. [Loud applause.]

COMPROMISE.

Much has been said about compromise.—What! compromise with rebels with arms in their hands? Compromise with traitors who would subvert your Constitution? Do you want any better compromise than the Constitution made by Washington and the patriots of the Revolution—a Constitution beneath which they lived, and which they sealed with their blood?

If they don't want to change the Government, why subvert it? If they do not wish to form another, why destroy this? I ask this simple question—if we cannot live on terms of peace and friendship under a Constitution, can we hope so to live under a mere treaty? If the day should ever come—and I pray God that it never may—when you shall make any other compromise than that of unqualified submission to the Constitution and Laws! What then? Do treaties change the geographical, commercial, or social relations of nations? Your treaty of peace would be one of continual war. You cannot have peace without the Constitution. You must meet the question fairly now. You must fight it out. [Cries of "That's the talk." Renewed cheers.]

Suppose a treaty should be made with the rebels, would any of the disturbing elements which brought about the present difficulty be got rid of? Not one. Such a treaty would be one of war. It could not be otherwise.—We could not escape a fight under it, and if the fight must come, it had better come now. [Great applause.]

It is said that Beelzebub was once an angel in heaven, but he rebelled and tried to overthrow the government of Jehovah, and the result was that he was kicked out of heaven by the angels.

Whenever virtue compromises with vice, vice makes an inroad upon virtue. If virtue compromises with vice to-day, to-morrow there must be another compromise, and the next day another, until virtue is clean gone, and vice rules instead. If truth compromises with falsehood, falsehood will encroach upon truth, until falsehood becomes truth, and truth falsehood. Compromise between right and wrong to-day, and you must compromise again to-morrow, and again the next day, and so on, until right is gone, and wrong supplies its place. The time for compromise is gone by; now is the time to put down crime and punish vice—the time to stand on those great principles of truth which underlie the Constitution. Now is the time to act.

I saw the other day a very good figure by which a noble son of Kentucky, the Hon. Joseph Holt, had well illustrated the present difficulty by the story of the child which was brought to Solomon, being claimed by two women. When the Judge offered to divide the child, the pretended mother said, "Yes, I am content to take half;" but the true mother said, "No, rather than hurt the child, give it to her." So with us; let us not submit to have our Union divided, though the false mother may be willing to take the half, but instead of giving it to them, we will take it all. [Long and loud applause.]

I intend to fight in defence of this Government as long as life shall last. It is wrong to destroy the best Government ever devised for the use of man. I would rather see this continent swept back into a howling wilderness than to see a monarchy planted on the ruins of this Republic. I would rather see this race swept out of being than that the sun should set forever in darkness upon man's hope for self-government. The fall of this Government would be to the world an argument that man's capability of self-government was at an end, which lies at the foundation of our noble structure. Now is the time to establish the truth of what we hold to be true. What if our flag has been trailed in the dust and sullied; let it be placed in stalwart hands; baptize it in the sun's fire, and, bathing it in a nation's blood, establish its reputation on a firmer basis than ever before. Never surrender. When Paul Jones, the naval officer, was in an engagement in which his ship was riddled and likely to be sunk to the bottom of the ocean, his lieutenant, becoming scared, struck his colors. The enemy, seeing the colors struck, and being hard by, called out through a trumpet, "Do you surrender?"—Without replying, but seeing that the colors were down, Paul Jones pulled out his pistol and killed the lieutenant; then, again hoisting his flag, answered, "No, I am just getting ready to fight." Let that be the feeling of the North—we are just getting ready to fight.

I do not wish to refer to my State in any feeling of egotism. But where can I look, save to that environed spot, Eastern Tennessee? It is my home. It was there I selected her who is the mother of my children. It was there that their infant minds were taught by their loving grand-parents to love virtue, to be good and true. The people there are brave people—I love them. They took me by the hand and encouraged me step by step until I gained my present position. What though I am driven from the State and my family cannot follow me? What though thousands are leaving the State in obedience to the proclamation of Davis? What have I done? What have my sons done? What have these my friends done? What is the head and front of my offending, but love for our country? My intention is to perish in the effort or restore to Tennessee her former rights unimpaired.

I will stand by these loyal people. They never deceived, they never betrayed me. They never were false to their pledges, and I never will be false to mine.

How long has it been since we praised in strains of poetry and eloquence the glories of Warsaw? Now, tell me, is not the tyranny of Davis worse than any tyranny exerted by Russia over Poland? I am not given to bragging, but my former acts must be a sure indication of my future course. I intend to be with that people, and stand by them through the rain and the heat, with toil and with the sword, until, if needs be, I have poured out the last drop of my blood a willing libation upon the altar of my country's liberty.

Having again expressed his thanks, Mr. Johnson retired amid prolonged cheering.

Mr. Carter, also an exile from Tennessee, was called out, and made some eloquent remarks.

The Rev. Granville Moody being vehemently called upon, gave a few sledge hammer arguments against the rebels. Mr. Moody deals hard blows, and gives the rebels no quarter.

After a few patriotic airs from the band, the assemblage dispersed.

Hearty Approval of Fremont's Proclamation in Missouri.—St. Louis, Sept. 1.—The subjoined extract from the Republican, the leading Democratic paper in this city, is a fair expression of the feeling with which the proclamation of Gen. Fremont is regarded by the citizens of St. Louis, many of whom I have seen to-day, and all of whom declare that the decided action of the commanding general is timely and right. The Republican says:

"The proclamation of Major General Fremont, which appears in another column, is the most important document which has yet appeared in the progress of the war. Let it be read with careful consideration by every citizen. The prompt visiting of the extremest penalties of martial law upon all rebels within the established military lines; the confiscation of the property of persons who shall take up arms against the government, and the declaration of absolute freedom to the slaves of all such persons; the extreme penalties to be visited upon bridge-burners, railroad and telegraph destroyers, treasonable correspondence and libels, and peace destroyers of all kinds, are measures of the most extraordinary stringency; but the wisdom of their promulgation by the supreme officer in the army of the west we are confident will be conceded by every just and loyal citizen.

"There is no longer any middle ground or room for traitors where the lawful government has sway. Gen. Fremont strikes boldly and fearlessly. The consolidated patriotism and the boundless resources of the great northwest are at his beck. Let every faithful man, by word and deed, give aid and encouragement to this grand movement for the re-establishment of the whole people."

A Soldier's Wife and Her Two Children.—The Boston Herald is responsible for the following: In one of our suburban cities, a short time since, a committeeman visited the house of a volunteer's wife to ascertain how much State aid she was entitled to. The following conversation ensued: Committeeman—"How many children have you, madam?" Soldier's Wife—"One little girl—and a—that is—I expect—two, sir,—that is—I have two children, sir." C. M.—"Their names and ages, if you please?" S. W.—"My oldest is a girl, four years old, and her name is Anna." C. M.—"What is the other, a boy or a girl?" S. W.—"It's a gir—boy,—that is, it's a very little infant." C. M.—"What is its name?" S. W.—"Well, we shall call her—him, I mean, I suppose—well, (looking confused and then brightening up, as a good idea struck her,) Georgie, Georgie, put it down Georgie." Committeeman entered the name of "George," and went off, but in the course of a week some suspicions were excited in his mind about this youngest child, and another visit took place. A stranger came to the door. "Has Mrs. ——— a son named George?" asked the committeeman. "No," answered the woman, who had a very Sairah Gampian look about her, "but she has a daughter named Georgiana."

☞ An army of 50,000 men, according to an estimate of an army officer, consume daily 312 tons 10 cwt. of provisions alone—that is, we suppose, when they can get them.

A SOUTHERN SHOE FACTORY.

One afternoon I visited it, and introduced myself to the superintendent as a stranger, attracted thither by curiosity. He received me courteously and invited me to go through the establishment with him. I had previously learned that he was an officer of some note under the "gray-eyed man of destiny," in Nicaragua. His physiognomy and manners impressed me as unmistakably Northern; but, to make assurance doubly sure, I ventured some remark which took it for granted that he was a native of New Orleans. He disclaimed this at once, informing me that he was a Missourian, from St. Louis. When I pursued the matter a little further, by speaking of some recent improvements in that city, he replied:—

"I was born in St. Louis, but left there when I was about twelve months old. Philadelphia has been my home since, until I came here to take charge of this establishment."

The work was nearly all done by machinery, run by steam. As we walked through the basement story, and he pointed out the different machines for cutting out and pressing the sole leather, I could not fail to notice that every one of them bore the label of its manufacturer, followed by the incendiary words, "Boston, Massachusetts!" Then we ascended to the second story, where the sewing and pegging were going on. All the stitching was done, as in the Northern manufactories, with sewing machines run by steam—a combination of two of the gravest of mechanical inventions. Add a third, and in the printing press, the steam engine and the sewing-machine, you have three of the most potent agencies of civilization. Here was the greatest curiosity of the establishment—the patent pegging machine which cuts out the pegs from a thin strip of wood, inserts the awl, and pegs two rows around the sole of a large shoe, more regularly and durably than it can be done by hand—all in less than twenty-five seconds! Need I add—it is a Yankee invention?" One of the machines, in this story, for finishing, smoothing, and polishing the soles, came from Paris; but all the others bore that ominous label, "Boston, Massachusetts!" In the third story, devoted to "fitting" the soles, the only work done by hand, and other finishing processes, the same fact was apparent—every machine was from New England.

The work was confined exclusively to coarse plantation brogans, which were sold at the manufactory at from $18 to $19 per case of twelve pairs. This, the superintendent assured me, was cheaper than they could be imported before the import duty of twenty-four per cent. was imposed upon boots and shoes by the Montgomery Congress. But a friend, engaged in that line of manufacturing, since informs me, that shoes of the same quality, at the great factories in Milford, Haverhill and Lynn, Massachusetts, are sold at prices ranging from $6 to $13 per case.

In one apartment, we found three men making boxes for packing the shoes ready for the market, from boards already sawed and dressed.

"Where do you get your timber from?" I asked.

"It comes from Illinois," replied my cicerone. "We have it planed and cut out in St. Louis before it is shipped; labor is so high here."

"Your workmen, I presume, are from this city?"

"No, sir. The leading men in all the departments are from the North, mainly from Massachusetts and Philadelphia. We are compelled to pay them high salaries—sixty, seventy, eighty, and in one case three hundred dollars per month. The subordinate workmen, who are learning the business, and whom we hope soon to put on in their places, we procured here. We employ forty-seven persons, including women and boys, and equal to about thirty men; and turn out two hundred and fifty pairs of brogans daily. We find it impossible to supply the demand, and are introducing more machinery, which will soon enable us to make six hundred pairs per day."

"Where do you procure the birch for pegs?"

"From Massachusetts. It comes to us cut in strips and rolled, ready for use."

"Where do you get your leather from?"

"Well, sir," (with a very searching look, as if a little suspicious that I was quizzing him,) *it* also comes from the North at present; but we shall soon have tanneries established at home. The South, especially Texas, produces the finest hides in the country; but they are nearly all sent North to be tanned and curried, and then brought back in the form of leather."

Thanking the superintendent for his courtesy, and wishing him a very good evening, I strolled homeward, reflecting upon the Southern Shoe Factory. It was admirably calculated, you perceive, to appeal to local patriotism, and demonstrate the feasibility of Southern manufacturing. Its Northern machinery, run by Northern workmen, under a Northern superintendent, turned out brogans of Northern leather, fastened with Northern pegs, and packed in cases of Northern pine, at an advance of only about one hundred per cent., upon Northern prices!

☞ "Waitah! (said a city exquisite,) got any green peas?"

"Yes, sir; have some?"

"Yaas, bring me three."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yaas, a slice or two of strawberry, cut very thin."

"Certainly, sir, anything more?"

"More! Ah! what do you take me for? a perfect hog, ah?"

☞ **A Bad Name.**—A story is told of a tavern-keeper, by the name of A. S. Camp. The painter, in painting his sign, left out the points, so it read—"Tavern kept by A S Camp."

☞ **Drainage.**—The true principle of drainage is to get rid of stagnant water in the land at an expense consistent with the value of the land and the profits of husbandry.

☞ Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.

☞ To be sure the race is not *always* to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but it is so ninety-nine times in a hundred.

☞ It has been estimated that the State of Virginia has already lost more than five thousand of her slaves—and that by the time the war is over the darkies will be so mixed up, that no man can tell who belongs to anybody. The verdict will be, "Secesh did it."

☞ Can any of our readers inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

GRATIFYING NEWS FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

The Rebel Forts at Ocracoke Inlet Abandoned—The Loyal Citizens Taking the Oath of Allegiance by Hundreds.

Fortress Monroe, Sept. 5, via Baltimore.—The steamers Monticello and Harriet Lane arrived from Hatteras Inlet this morning, and report the gratifying intelligence that the rebels have abandoned their strong fortifications at Ocracoke Inlet. Multitudes of North Carolinians have demonstrated their loyalty to the Government by coming to Hatteras Inlet to take the oath of allegiance.—Col. Hawkins sends word that he administered the oath to between 200 and 300 persons in a single day.

The steamer Pawnee still lies in the Inlet, and the Susquehanna on the outside.

The Susquehanna ran down to Ocracoke Inlet, and found the fortifications there completely deserted. The rebels had carried away the guns, and the white flag was everywhere exhibited.

A letter from one of the officers of the fleet says:—

"You can imagine the effect of this movement upon the other Southern States also.—South Carolina cannot, with her guilty consciousness, feel very comfortable, whilst a formidable squadron is operating within a day's sail of her coast. If the Government please, it can threaten her in such style, that every South Carolina regiment will be recalled from Virginia in a week—and the fleet that is signalled from the Charleston battery to-night, may be off Tybee Light to-morrow morning, to threaten Savannah also. This is the true method of conducting the war. Had we ten regiments of the troops that are about Washington (for fear Beauregard should come to take it), with a few transports and our present naval force, we could occupy any and every desirable point from the Chesapeake to Key West. They would never know when a fleet of steamers would attack, and so would be always anxious, and unable to concentrate any forces of dangerous magnitude. Besides, in such moments of alarm, with their families and property in danger, words of reason would be listened to, and sentiments now forbidden would be outspoken."

AGREED TO DIFFER.

A Missouri correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says:

The next morning we pushed on to a little town called Lebanon, sixty miles from Rolla, arriving about two o'clock in the afternoon. Here we found a company of rebel soldiers, who had come from Springfield the day before to take formal possession of the town. They at first gathered around us, and stared as though they had never seen civil looking white men before; but it was not long before they grew upon intimate terms with us, and freely pressed us with invitations to smoke and drink. We talked to them freely and unreservedly, and they in turn poured into our ears all the wrongs, real and imaginary, of the South, invariably clinching their remarks with the assertion that "They never could be conquered."

A young captain in the Confederate army, named Boon, and an exceedingly agreeable fellow, by-the-by, remarked to me in the course of some conversation, that the Federal forces were completely routed at the battle of Springfield, and that it was one of the most decisive victories ever won.

"We don't so consider it in the North," I replied.

"Well, what *do* you think of it, candidly?" he asked.

"That it was a drawn battle," I answered. "We think Manassas was disgraceful, but we are well satisfied with the conduct of our troops at Springfield."

"Well," continued he, "I think you were utterly routed."

"Why did you not follow up the victory, then?"

"We had but three rounds of ammunition left."

"But you said awhile ago that but six or seven thousand of your force was engaged in the fight!"

"Not more."

"Where, then, was your reserve of ten or fifteen thousand?"

"Well," he answered, somewhat reluctantly, 'Gen. Price was in favor of pursuing, but McCulloch opposed it, and they came near quarrelling on this point."

"I will tell you," said I, "how we look upon this matter, and how it will be written down by the historian:—Four thousand five hundred men marched out, engaged four times their number in battle; fought them for six hours and crippled them so badly that they could not pursue."

Later in our conversation I asked him if he thought one Southern man was good as five Northern men.

He expressed himself firmly in that belief.

"After the battle of Springfield?" said I.

"Yes."

"Well," I replied, "that *is* refreshing. You remind me of the man in the play:—'Go it, old Abrowang! That's right! Keep it up, old fellow!"

Our conversation was here interrupted by the crowd rushing toward the parlor to hear the landlord's daughter, a "peart" young girl, as they say down South, sing "Dixie." I was kindly offered a front seat at the entertainment, but respectfully declined, telling them to their evident annoyance, that it was a favorite tune in the North, and that our bands now played nothing else. She accompanied herself on a piano, to the great delight of her auditors, many of whom, I dare say, had never before heard one, and afterwards gave them that brilliant operatic gem entitled "Root Hog, or Die."

☞ **Dainty.**—Du Chaillu bears testimony to the hospitality of the interior Africans. On the occasion of his first visit, the chief immediately ordered a slave killed for dinner, and Du Chaillu had some difficulty in persuading his sable highness that he preferred poultry.

☞ A namesake of Alexander Smith, the poet, and author of the "Life Drama," admired that work so much, that, although unacquainted with him, he sent him a present amounting to $20,000.

☞ A gentleman while in church intending to scratch his head, in a mental absence reached over in another pew and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promise of marriage.

☞ **About So.**—More attention is given in this country to the pedigree of animals than of human beings, and many persons can tell the exact genealogy of a favorite horse for several generations, who do not know the maiden names of their own grandmothers.

☞ A pawnbroker in London advanced £30 on two hogsheads of excellent wine, tested by sample, which afterwards were proved to be nine-tenths water, the wine being contained in bladders suspended from the bung-hole inside.

☞ **Kisses Between Women.**—Quilp says, when he sees kisses between women, it reminds him of two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good for nothing *that way!*

☞ A negro sailor was lately asked by his captain, which he thought right, the North or the South? The darkey told the captain to look at the compass and that would inform him.

☞ It is said that some alarm was produced the other day in Union circles in Washington, by a rumor that the Virginians had hit upon a plan for taking Fortress Monroe, which they were sure could not fail. They proposed to smuggle Floyd within its walls, being satisfied that if he could get there he would *steal it!*

☞ A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he *raised* money with a *leaver*.

☞ The Boston Post says—"If our gallant soldiers are compelled to lie on the damp ground, under leaky tents, the result will be the transformation of infantry into hoarse-men."

☞ It is always to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.

☞ A pleasant jest in time of misfortune is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

☞ There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and in his over-ruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron; or elastic as the springing steel.

☞ A frivolous friend suggests mustering the fat babies of New York into a regiment of heavy infantry.

☞ **How to Punish a Hungry Man.**—Drive a steak into him.

☞ Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

☞ Gen. Lyon was unmarried. He leaves three brothers and three sisters.

☞ They are preparing in England to have an international concert room, capable of containing 12,000 people, at the Great World's Exhibition of 1862, for the performance of music from all parts of the world, the proceeds to be for the furtherance of music.

The Army at Washington.—Mr. Russell in his letter to the Times dated August 5th, says:—

General Lana, who commands the Spanish troops in Cuba, has been over here on a tour, and he expressed to me his profound astonishment at the state of things visible in the camps at the other side of the Potomac. He was here, however, at a bad time—just after the flight from Manassas. His criticisms, however, on lazy sentries, on slovenly and ill-equipped troops, on dirty arms and accoutrements were just. Above all he was amazed that in an army of recruits there was no drill or exercise to be seen. Company drill is not much attended to; the battalion drill is of the most elementary character; and, indeed, with the exception of the skirmishing at Cairo, I have never seen anything but ordinary advance in line, or marching past at slow time, or at the double in columns of companies or of subdivisions, and such common movements. This generally results from the ignorance of the officers as much as from the incompetency of the rank and file. General McClellan is talking about brigade drills and field days, and there is some nonsense attributed to him about drilling by trumpet, which means, I presume, that he is about to have more attention paid to bugle notes in giving orders than is at present the case. The new levies, as far as I can judge, are not equal to the departed three-months men, and the camps are certainly not as well filled. There are about 24 battalions of infantry of all sorts, and 8 squadrons of cavalry in the capital, and around it on the left bank of the Potomac, up to the Chain Bridge. There are some 30 battalions across the river and some 700 sabres, the whole force being probably under 45,000 men, not including Banks's column at Harper's Ferry, or the commands of Gen. Butler and of General Dix at Baltimore. Of the 49 guns which McDowell's army took into the field, 25 remain in the hands of the enemy, and there is some deficiency in artillery, which government is doing its best to supply. Gen. McDowell, I am glad to say, remains in command of the troops at Arlington, although serious accusations have been made against him in the papers, most if not all of which were quite unfounded. What could he do with the materials he had, except, as the President said, "drive the locomotive as he found it?"

Russell Finding Out the Truth.—The correspondent of the *London Times*, in his letter of August 5th, says:—"So far the result of the action of the 21st has been the prolongation of the war in America. The effect it may have had abroad will be known in a few days more. It is plain now that the Confederates were not only really unable to pursue their advantage, but that they were not at first aware of its extent. They suffer from deficient transport, and are better prepared for defence than for attack. Their army was almost as much 'scared,' to use an English word in an American way, as the Federalists, if the reports are to be believed of confusion, wavering, and retreat in their ranks—and of the passionate exertions of the officers, as well as of their losses. In fact, the Confederates stand before the world stripped of a good deal of the strength of which they boasted in actual numbers; and it is a poor cover to their weakness to put forward the assertion that only a small portion of their force was engaged, when it is notorious that they had sent to all quarters for reinforcements, and, above all, when it is considered that, by using all the men at their disposal, they could have forced the mass of the Federalist army to surrender prisoners of war, and have occupied the capital. Their operations up to this time indicate hesitation and want of vigor; but it is just possible they may be preparing to strike some great blow."

New York Democratic State Convention.—The Convention admitted the Tammany delegation from New York, and would not receive the Mozart (Wood and Peace) one. The resolutions endorse the war, urge its prosecution with all the power of the Government, and oppose the emancipation of the slaves, the suspension of the habeas corpus by the President, and the suppression of a "free press."

The following nominations were made by the Convention:—Judge of Appeals, Judge Comstock; Secretary of State, D. Floyd Jones; Comptroller, George H. Scott; Attorney General, Lyman Tremaine; Treasurer, F. C. Bruck; Canal Commissioner, J. B. Lord.

Electrical.—A barn was struck by lightning a few days since, at Aurora, Canada, and burned to the ground, with all its contents. Some of the neighbors, who saw the lightning strike the barn, say that it was similar to putting a piece of red hot iron to a charge of powder, it caught fire so quick.—A correspondent of the Saco Democrat gives the following account of a very remarkable electrical phenomenon which took place at Wakefield, New Hampshire, on the 28th ult. He says the lightning struck in a field about 60 yards back of the house of Nahum Nason, and bounding towards the house, struck by the side of a window, shivering it to atoms: Mr. Nason's daughter was in the middle of the room, and the fluid passed around her hoops, which were of steel, breaking a round out of the chair in which she was sitting, killing a dog at her feet, passing out of the window, taking a furrow across the road to a pump, demolishing it, returned across the road to a shed, killing a pig, and did other damage. It then returned to the cellar and broke a lot of crockery ware, and broke the heads out of a barrel of vinegar: it then passed out of a drain, and the unwelcome visitor was seen no more, and, strange to say, no one of the family was injured.

Fort Lafayette Nearly Full.—The new State Prison, Fort Lafayette, is now nearly full of prisoners arrested by government on the charge of treason, and a new place of confinement will soon have to be selected. So strict are the orders of the government, that not even the officers of the law are allowed to enter. They deliver up their prisoners to the officer of the adjoining Fortress, Major Burke, which is upon the main land. He gives the officer a receipt, takes the prisoner and sends him by boat to the Fortress, where he remains until the government sees fit to release or punish him.

☞ An ounce of mirth, with the same degree of grace, will serve God further than a pound of sadness.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been quite dull during the past week. The sales only reach 8000 bbls, including old stock super at $4,50; fresh ground do, at $4,50@5; extra at $4,75@5,90; and extra family at $5,62½@6,37½, including 3000 bbls of the latter on private terms, and some fine at $4. The sales to the home trade range within these figures, and fancy lots at $6,37½@7. Rye Flour is very quiet, and is selling in a small way at $2,75@3, the latter rate for good quality. Pennsylvania Corn Meal is scarce and wanted at $2,80 ⅌ bbl; 500 bbls sold at this figure. Brandywine is held at $3. Bread is very dull.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been liberal during the past week, and there has been considerable activity, but at lower prices. Sales of 56,000 bus, including good and strictly prime Southern red, at $1,10@1,15, chiefly at $1,14@1,15 afloat; ordinary and good Pennsylvania and Western do at $1@1,12, and white $1,15 for ordinary and $1,20@1,25 for fair and choice. Rye has sold to the extent of 2500 bus, at 53@56c for new and 60c for old. Corn is in fair demand, and the receipts light. Sales of 12,000 bus yellow at 54½@56c, in store and afloat, and mixed Western at 54c. Oats are in good demand and prices better. Sales of 26,000 bus at 25@29c for ordinary and prime Delaware, and old at 31@32½c. In Barley and Barley Malt no sales.

PROVISIONS—There is some inquiry for Pork for Government use, and about 500 bbls were taken on private terms. Sales in lots at $15@15,25, cash, and $16 on time. City packed Mess Beef is steady, at $14@16, and Western at $10,50@12, as in quality. Bacon—Prices continue as last quoted, but there is very little doing, and but little stock here. Sales of plain Hams at 8@9c, and canvassed at 8½@10c, Sides at 7@7½c, and Shoulders at 5¾@6½c, cash and short time, the latter figure for city smoked. Of Green Meats the market is nearly bare of supplies, and the demand is limited. In the absence of sales, we quote pickled Hams at 7@7½c, and Shoulders at 5c. Lard—There is very little inquiry, and no change to note in prices. Sales of tcs and bbls at 9@9½c, and 200 kegs at 9½@9¾c, on time. Butter has met a steady inquiry. Sales of 40,000 ℔s solid packed Penna and Ohio at 9c, and fresh lots at 9½@10c. Cheese is dull and lower. Sales of N Y Dairies at 7c, and Western at 6½c. Eggs are selling at 11c ⅌ doz.

COTTON—The advices from abroad and very reduced stocks on hand, have caused an increased firmness in the market, but the demand continues limited. Sales of 380 bales strictly good middling Uplands at 22½@23c, and sample at 19@21c. cash.

BARK—There is but little coming forward, and it is in good demand; sales of 10 hhds No 1 at $27,50 ⅌ ton. Tanners' Bark is not wanted, and prices are entirely nominal.

BEESWAX is in good request at 28@30c ⅌ ℔, cash, for good Yellow, but there is not much offering.

COAL—The demand has fallen off. We quote Schuylkill Red Ash at $3,40@3,50; White Ash at $3,30@3,35, and Lehigh at $3,62½@3,75 ⅌ ton. In bituminous Coal there is nothing doing.

COFFEE—There is a firm feeling in the market, but the demand is quite moderate. Sales of 1100 bags Rio at 13@15c, and 500 bags Laguayra at 15½@16c, all on time.

COPPER is without change. Sales of American Yellow Metal at 18c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are but little inquired after; sales of Western at 37@38c ⅌ ℔.

FRUIT—The market is well supplied with all descriptions, and there is an active trade doing. Sales of 5000 baskets Peaches at 75c@$1,50, as in quality. Apples sell at $1@2,50 ⅌ bus, which is a decline. In Dried Fruit there is a firmer feeling, and considerable sales of Apples have been effected at 3½@4c ⅌ ℔, now generally held higher. Dried Peaches sell at 5@7c.

HEMP—There is no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and there is nothing doing.

HIDES are dull. An invoice of Caracas was disposed of last week at a price kept secret.

HOPS are but little inquired after, and sell in a small way at 22@26c ⅌ ℔ for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is very quiet; sales of Anthracite in a small way at $17@19 ⅌ ton for Nos 2 and 1. Prices of Scotch Pig are entirely nominal, and there is nothing doing. Boiler Plates and merchant Bars move slowly at previous rates.

LEAD—The stock here is small, and prices have advanced. Sales of 1200 pigs Galena, on terms kept private, and 2300 pigs at 5½c cash.

LUMBER—There is but little doing, and the supplies are liberal. A cargo of 300,000 St John's Pickets sold on private terms. Susquehanna Boards range from $11 to 14, and Hemlock at $10 ⅌ M feet. About 150,000 feet Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $14.

MOLASSES—There is a good feeling in the market, but very little doing. We advance our quotations 2c ⅌ gallon. Sales of low grades and good Muscovado at 20@28c, on time.

PLASTER comes forward slowly. Two cargoes Soft sold at $2,25 ⅌ ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited, and the sales mostly in a small way at 6½@6¾c, cash.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering. It is worth $4,50@4,75 ⅌ 64 ℔s. New Timothy is selling in lots at $2@2,25 ⅌ bus, and from second hands at $2,50. Flaxseed is in demand, and has advanced. Sales at $1,39@1,42½.

SPIRITS—Brandies are held with more firmness, but the demand is extremely limited. N. E. Rum sells as last quoted. Whiskey is in fair demand, 1000 bbls sold at 18@18½c for Ohio, the latter for bright pkgs; 17¾@18c for Pennsylvania, and 17½c for drudge.

SUGAR—There is less doing, but prices are well maintained. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at 6¾@7½c. Porto Rico at 8½c and some Havana yellow at 7c on time.

TALLOW is unchanged. We quote city rendered at 8¾c, and country at 8½c.

TOBACCO—Prices are very firm for both leaf and manufactured, and the stocks of the latter are now reduced to a very low figure.

WOOL—There is a good demand for the low and medium grades, with sales of 200 ℔s common and quarter blood at 36@40c ⅌ ℔, cash, but the finer sorts are entirely neglected.

NEWS ITEMS.

A REBEL OFFICER KILLED.—Major Minturn, of the New York 37th, while doing a little amateur scouting on Monday, saw a general officer, surrounded by a large staff, reconnoitering from Munson Hill. Driven by an unamiable firing of bullets from the road into a field of corn, Major Minturn retaliated by a rifle shot, aimed at the wearer of the cocked hat, who instantly fell out of his saddle. He was immediately picked up and carried into a school-house. Fifteen minutes afterwards some of the party struck the secession flag as a token of grief. Major Minturn had killed their general.

SIGNOR MAGGI, who has seen sixteen years' service in Europe, and who was an aid to Garibaldi in the Italian war, has been appointed and commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel of the 21st regiment M. V., Col. Morse, now at the seat of war.

THE Navy Department has received official information from two points in the Gulf, dated on the 13th ult., from which it is evident that three or four of our vessels-of-war have reliable information of the position of the privateer Sumter, and have probably by this time closed down upon her, as they were then preparing to do from different points.

THE steamship Northern Light brought to New York 30,000 stand of arms, a portion of the 50,000 sent to California by Floyd, to get them out of the way.

FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.—The bold and gallant words of Gen. Fremont continue to command remark and comment here. It is enough to know that the government entirely approve his course, and have the fullest confidence in his present acts and future course.—*Washington Correspondent of the Philada. Press.*

THE contraband slaves at Old Point, Virginia, now number 1,800 souls, including women and children.

THE confiscation business goes on apace. The collectors at New York and Philadelphia have seized a large number of vessels, owned in whole or in part by rebels. At Cincinnati the U. S. Marshal has seized $50,000 worth of merchandise.

OHIO.—It is understood that cannon of heavy calibre will be ordered by the War Department, to Cincinnati, immediately.

CALIFORNIA.—The despatch ordering one regiment of infantry and five companies of cavalry from California, to aid in protecting the Overland Route, via Salt Lake, was received by the military of that State with great satisfaction, and considerable strife is manifested as to who shall be permitted to go.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION AT WILMINGTON, DEL.—The city election took place on Tuesday, the 3d inst., resulting in the success of the whole Union ticket. Vincent C. Gilpin was elected Mayor by a majority of 722, out of 1,300 votes.

QUARTER-MASTER General Meigs is providing for the comfort of our troops during the coming winter campaign. Among other matters, he is procuring portable stoves, to be used in tents. Napoleon had over three thousand stoves sent to the army, while engaged in the siege of Sebastopol, besides a number of wooden huts.

PROMOTION OF GERMAN SOLDIERS.—Major General McClellan on Monday took three German officers from General Blenker's staff, and giving to each the promotion of a grade, attached them to his own staff. He did this, as he said, to show that the foreign and the native born had equal rights, as well as duties, in the suppression of this rebellion, and that the adopted citizens, so far as he was concerned, should share with the native born in the honors as well as the dangers of battling for the Republic.

ST. LOUIS.—The fortifications around St. Louis are progressing; palisades, blockhouses and earthworks are being constructed on the west and south sides; the north side will be amply fortified by placing a few batteries on the water reservoir, which is in itself a splendid fortification, almost impregnable, from its height and the impossibility of scaling it, and covering the entrance of the Northern Railroad and Mississippi river.

GOOD RETORT.—A Presbyterian clergyman, while walking the deck of a steamer at St. John, N. B., where secessionism has considerable footing, noticing the American flag flying from the masthead of a ship, tauntingly said to Colonel Favor: "Why don't you take a slice off that flag, since you have lost a portion of your country?" Yankee like, the colonel quickly replied: "Why don't *you* tear a leaf from your Bible because a part of your church have fallen from grace?" The clergyman had no more to say on that subject.

MR. HENRY A. REAVE, editor of the *Greenport Watchman*, a Democratic paper of the secession stamp, has been honored with a residence in Fort Lafayette.

MR. GERRIT SMITH is not only speaking and writing in aid of the government, but he has given five dollars to each family left by volunteers from the town of Cazenovia, New York.

PARSON BROWNLOW, forced to suspend the publication of his paper, retires with a determined thrust at secession, which briefly settles the late malicious report that he had at last yielded to the pressure of the neighborhood, and was advocating treason. He says: "We beg all who may come after us or our paper, to credit no secession falsehood that may represent us as having changed our principles from those of an exalted devotion to the old American Union, and of an undying hostility to those who would perpetrate its dissolution!"

RUSSELL IN THE SOUTH.—The Southern papers of late date, all abuse Russell roundly for his account of the Manassas battle. They boast that they had masked batteries and did make infantry charges, and they say he has insulted all whose hospitality he has enjoyed North and South.

ALL the arms called for by Illinois are on the way to her. Missouri will soon get all she wants.

THE EFFECT IN EUROPE.—Well-informed Englishmen, and Americans just returned from Europe, represent that Gen. Fremont's proclamation, being tangible, and going straight at a moral principle, will produce a prodigious influence in England, France, and Germany, and will cut right to the sympathies of the people, through all the prejudices and misconceptions which the Morrill tariff has been used to envelope the facts of this rebellion with.

GEN. BEAUREGARD's report of the battle of Manassas has been published. He calls the engagement a remarkable artillery duel. He compliments the Washington Artillery, and mention a few names complimentarily.

THE Wilmington (N. C.) Journal says that Hatteras fell into the hands of the enemy, not because it had no sufficient amount of ammunition, but because the works were not sufficiently tenable to resist the heavy force brought against them.

A BRIGADE OF COLORED MEN OFFERED.—Mr. Hamilton, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Mexican war, three months ago offered to our government a brigade of 5,000 colored men, to be raised in Canada West. If the rebels take Indians, why not take them?

UNION OF PARTIES IN OHIO.—The Union State Convention was held at Columbus on the 5th. It was largely attended, and the union of the Democrats and Republicans enthusiastically greeted. David Tod (Democrat) was nominated for Governor, and Benjamin Stanton (Republican) for Lieutenant Governor. The balance of the ticket was divided between the Democrats and Republicans.

THE SCOTCH REBELLION IN 1745.—A BULL RUN PRECEDENT.—Dr. Weatherspoon, after the battle of Long Island, in the American Revolution, in which the militia finally fled, alluded, in the Continental Congress, as follows, to incidents in English history, not more creditable. He says:

"Lord Howe speaks of a decisive blow not being yet struck, as if this cause depended upon one battle that could not be avoided.—Sir, this is a prodigious mistake. We may fight no battle at all for a long time, or we may lose some battles, as was the case with the British themselves in the Scotch rebellion of 1745, and the cause, notwithstanding, be the same. I wish it were considered that neither loss nor disgrace, worth mentioning, has befallen us in the late engagement, nor comparable to what the British troops have often suffered. At the battle of Preston, sir, *they broke to pieces, and ran away like sheep before a few Highlanders.* I myself saw them do the same thing at Falkirk, with very little difference, a small part only of the army making a stand, and in a few hours the whole retreating with precipitation before their enemies. Did that make any difference in the cause? Not in the least—so long as the body of the nation was determined on principle against the Rebels. Nor would it make any difference, but in time, *though they had got possession of London, which they might have easily done, if they had understood their business,* for the militia in England, there gathered together, *behaved fifty times worse than that of America has done lately.* They generally disbanded and *ran off wholly as soon as the Rebels came within ten or twenty miles of them.*"

THE VIRGINIA NEGROES.—A lady of Leesburg, Va., now on a visit at Darnstown, in conversation with some of our friends, remarked that one evening last week, while in bed, she heard an unusual noise coming from a piece of woods, not far from the house. Some of the men were aroused and upon reconnoitering, discovered over one hundred slaves drilling in the woods with scythes. When questioned the next morning about it, there was not a negro who knew anything about the matter, many of them expressing the profoundest ignorance when asked who Lincoln or Beauregard, Banks or Johnston were. In other parts, too, the slaves are getting very saucy, and when a secessionist says anything concerning Bull Run, the slaves remark that the time is coming when the Virginians will be whipped, and that they (the slaves) will be in at the fight.—*Corres. of Philadelphia Inquirer.*

DESERTED ANCIENT CITIES.—Mr. Graham, an Englishman recently returned from the East, in a report to the Royal Asiatic Society, gives an account of five ancient cities, deserted and forgotten, which have been discovered in the Great Desert beyond the Jordan. They were found as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them, the houses retaining their massive stone doors. In one of the cities is a large building, like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. Farther eastward other places were found, where every stone had inscriptions in an unknown character, resembling Greek.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1674 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8½c ℔ ℔. 75 Cows were sold at from $25 to 40 ℔ head. 5000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $6,00 to 6,50 ℔ cwt, net.—1050 Hogs brought from $5,50 to 6,00 ℔ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. on Thursday, Aug. 29th, by the Rev. Wm. H. Bartlett, of Brooklyn, JOHN E. COE, of Philadelphia, to HULDAH A. SMITH, of Brooklyn.

On the 29th ultimo, at Darby, Del. county, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. J. L. STADELMAN, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, to Miss HENRIETTE R. LEECH, of the former place.

On the 30th of Aug. 1861, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. GEORGE WATTERSON, of Bucks county, to Miss MARY J. GWYNN, of this city.

On the 25th of August, 1861, by the Rev. P. Combs, Mr. ROBERT NEWBER, to Miss ABIGAIL CAMPBELL, both of Woodbury, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Father Cordey, Mr. J. R. ROGERS, to Miss E. HASSEN, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, March 24th, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. JOHN E. ERNHART, to Miss MARY E. CARNES, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Mr. DANIEL GLASS, to Miss MAGGIE THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, at Pottstown, Montgomery county, Pa. by the Rev. George F. Miller, Mr. ABRAHAM BUNN, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH SHORT, of Kent county, Del.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Robt. Gamble, Mr. THOMAS F. CANT, to Miss MARY HUGHES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At her residence at Cliffside, near Richmond, Indiana, on the 31st ultimo, ISABELLA C. wife of Jas. E. Reeves, aged 41 years.

On the 4th instant, Capt. LESTER F. DONNELL, aged 76 years.

Sept. 2d, Mrs. MARGARET PATTERSON, in her 82d year.

On Sunday, Sept. 1st, HARRIET W. DULLES, in her 33d year.

On the 1st instant, JOSEPH R. HOSKINS, aged 57 years.

On Saturday evening, Aug. 31, PHILIP JUSTUS, in his 92d year.

On Friday evening, 30th ultimo, CHARLES H. PANCOAST, son of Dr. Jos. Pancoast.

At Pottstown, Aug. 31, HENRY POTTS, in his 65th year.

On the 1st instant, CATHARINE DORAN, wife of Lewis Beck.

On the 2d instant, MARY, wife of Michael Nicholson, aged 28 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. SUSANNA, wife of Wm. Perrins, Sr. in her 75th year.

On the 2d instant, CHRISTOPHER KELLY, aged 54 years.

On the 2d instant, MARY ANN, wife of John Miley, aged 31 years.

On the 1st instant, ABRAHAM MYERS, aged 73 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

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Canada	2 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	30 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	50 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	15 to 18 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	4 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1½ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	25 dis.
Maryland	¼ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
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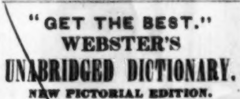
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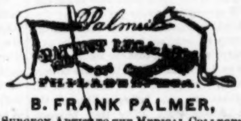

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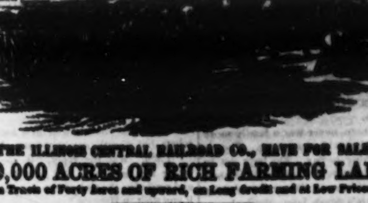

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AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

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EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

Mark
Webster
10 c.

HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7-tf

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Wit and Humor.

"I DON'T COMPLAIN."

"I'm a poor, miserable creature," remarked Mrs. Pinfeather, to a sympathizing neighbor, "and always expect to be. Nothing goes right with me. I never succeeded in anything I undertook, and never shall. But I don't complain!

"First and last, I don't suppose there's any woman that ever underwent what I have, in the way of sickness. I don't suppose there's any disease you ever heard of, but what I've had, or expect to have, before I die. Last year I had the erysiplas and the *brown creeturs*, and I expect from my feelin's that I'm in a consumption now. But I don't complain.

"I believe there never was a family more hard to get along with than mine. There's always something to pay. The boys get to fighting in the streets and tear their clothes, and I have 'em to mend. The girls don't help me a bit. There's Sarah Jane—she is always fretting and complaing about something or other. I don't know who she takes after, I'm sure. Whatever my troubles are, I never complain.

"I'm always cleaning house, and it hurts me dreadfully, and the more I clean it the dirtier it looks. But I don't complain!

"Everybody takes advantage of my being a lone widow, and I can't help myself. They don't pity me, not in the least. But I don't complain!

"I used to believe in human friendship, but I don't now. I know I haven't got a friend in the world. If I had, I should be sure to lose him. My children don't care anything about me. All they want is to get as much out of me as they can. But I don't complain!

"They say that everybody was born for some purpose. It's my conviction that I was born to be a martyr. But I don't complain!

"I never expect to take any comfort in living. I never get a moment's rest. I'm on my feet all day, and half the time I can't sleep nights. But I don't complain!

"Very likely you won't see me again. I feel I am liable to go any minute. It's hard to leave a young family all to themseves in this 'vale of tears.' But if it should happen, I shan't complain!"

Mrs. Pinfeather stopped to take a pinch of snuff, and her friend, bursting into tears, exclaimed that "she was the long-sufferingest woman she ever did see."

A WARM BATH WAGER.

Smith was a man who never permitted himself to be outdone—he could do whatever anybody else could. Smith met Brown in a bath-room, and Brown knowing the other's peculiar conceit, said that he (Brown) could endure a hotter bath than any living man. Thereat Smith fired up, and a bet was made. Two bathing-tubs were prepared, with six inches of water in each. The fellows stripped; and, separated by a cloth partition, each one got in and let on the hot water at the word—the wager being who should stay in the longest with the hot water running. Smith drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, while Brown pulled out the plug in the bottom of the tub. After about half a minute, quoth Smith—

"How is it, Brown—pretty warm?"

"Yes," said the other, "it's getting mighty hot; but I guess I can hold out a minute longer."

"So can I," answered Smith. "Scis-s! squash! lightning! it's awful!"

Fifteen seconds passed, equal to half an hour by Smith's imaginary watch.

"I say, over there, how is it now?"

"Oh, it's nearly up to the bilin' pint. Oh, Christopher!" answered the diabolical villain, who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water was passing out of the escape pipe.

By this time Smith was splurging about like a boiled lobster, and called again—

"I s-a-y, over there, how is it now?"

"Hot," replied Brown. "But—whew!—scis-s!—guess I can hold out another minute!"

"You can!" shrieked the now boiling Smith, who rolled out, and bolted through the partition, expecting to find the other quite cooked.

"You infernal rascal! why didn't you put the plug in?"

"Why, I didn't agree to," said the imperturbable joker. "Why in thunder didn't you leave yours out?"

An Affecting Story.—The following account of a heart-rending circumstance we extract from one of our exchanges. Read it if you can:—

We once saw a man in 10se, gazing at the *ry heavens, with a † in 1 ☞ and a ⏞ of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his att10tion by .ing 2 a ¶ in a paper we held in our ☞, relating to a young man in that § of the country who left home in a sta8 of derangement. He dropped the † and pistols from his ☞ ☞ with the ! "It is I of whom U read; I left my home b4 my friends knew of my design. I had s0 the ☞ of a girl who refused 2 lis10 2 me, but smiled upon another. I——ed madly from the house, uttering a wild ! 2 the god of love (Qpid), and without replying to the ?? of my friends, and came here with this † and ⏞ of pistols 2 put a . 2 my Xis10ce. My case has no ‖ in this §."

40tude and 4bearance R required under such perplXing circumstances.

☞ A writer in Blackwood mentions that, in an index to a law-book, under the letter B, appears, "Best, Mr. Justice, his great mind." Turning to the page referred to we read, "Mr. Justice Best said he had a great mind to commit the witness for prevarication." Probably it was a joke of the index maker.

A TIMELY REPROOF.

Humor and sharp wit are never put to better use than in answering a fool according to his folly, and we could wish that reproofs like the following were more frequent:

Some five or six years ago, in one of the trains of cars running between Newark and Jersey City, New Jersey, there was a young naval officer, who was constantly intermingling his conversation with the most profane oaths. A young lady was so situated that she could not but hear every time he swore. At first she bore it with perfect equanimity; then, as it continued, and rather increased, in the shocking character of his imprecations, she began to grow fidgety, and her eyes flashed. We knew a bolt would be shot, and that it would strike him. It came directly.

"Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?"

"Yes," was the answer, in a half unconscious, but slightly sneering tone.

"Then," was the reply, "if you wish to swear any more, you will greatly oblige *me*, and probably the rest of the passengers also, if you do it in Hebrew."

I watched him. It had hit. His color came and went—now red, now white. He looked at the young lady, then his boots, then at the ceiling of the cars; but he did not swear any more, either in Hebrew or English, and he probably remembered that young lady.

THE GRAVE IN THE WEST.

BY T. HOOD.

Western wind, balmy and sweet!
Stole you the breath of the blossoming limes
Under whose boughs we were wont to meet,
Wont to meet in the olden times?

Far away, adown in the west,
Blossom the limes that I love so well,
Under whose boughs my life was blest
With a love far dearer than words may tell.

Western wind, though so far away,
I trace in your sighing their odorous breath;
Surely you stole it, and brought it to say,
"Think of the boughs you have wandered beneath."

The limes in that avenue, leafy and sweet,
Blossomed and faded one happy year,
While under their shadow our two hearts beat
With love unclouded by doubt or fear.

The limes in that avenue, shady and old,
Have blossomed and faded many a year,
Since one true heart grew forever a-cold,
And the other forever withered and sere!

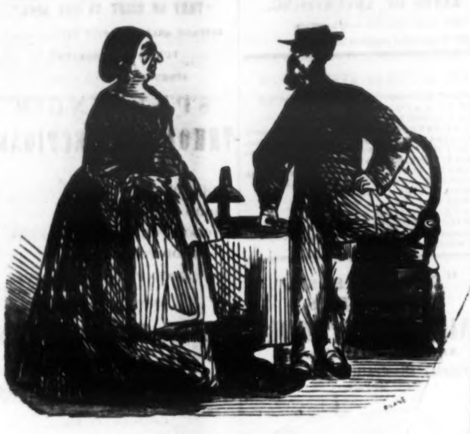
Western wind, let the lindens rest!
Waft me no breath from the lime-tree bowers,
But the perfume of roses that grow in the west,
On a lowly grave that is covered with flowers.

The Color of Birds.—Color is intended not merely for beauty; it is, in fact, a mode of concealment, the most universal of all means of defence, and one that appears in every race of animals. As the strength, the weapons, and the velocity are all on the side of the pursuer, color is much more resorted to for the defence of birds than of any other creatures. In the partridge, the quail, the woodcock, and the snipe, the likeness of their colors to the brown earth on which they move, is such as often to conceal them from every eye, not excepting the piercing sight of the hawk or the kite. The hovering foe may be observed above during the chase, though the victim has not escaped, deceived also by smaller birds, even when the accordance in color is not great. Often do they shift their position under the eye of the hawk eager to pounce upon them, and then stop, as if, as White says, "they knew the color of the spot upon which they were cowering and squatting was a sure defence."

Stand by the Flag!—It is a great mistake to suppose that other people's faults can afford us any excuse for neglecting a plain and important obligation. The administration of public affairs may be weak, blundering, or even tainted with despotism and dishonesty; but does that afford any reason why the *people* should be indifferent to the cause of their country? The worst country is always better than its rulers; and the best has never yet been free from errors and maladministration. The mistakes and vices of Government ministries are little felt in the "piping times of peace;" while in war they are terribly oppressive. But let us always be careful to distinguish between the cause and its servants; and never abandon our glorious Ship of State because there are rats in the hold, barnacles on the bottom, and mutineers among the crew.—*Post.*

Habits of Rats.—The predatory habits of rats are well known, as well, perhaps, as their fondness for human flesh. But the most tempting delicacy to a rat's palate is the flesh of a relative. Woe to one meeting with an accident or becoming infirm—he is gobbled up without remorse. When a rat's leg is found in a trap, the chances are, not that he has bitten it off to escape captivity, but that he has been eaten up by his own relatives. When Mrs. Rat becomes a mother, she must hide her offspring, lest her unnatural relatives should make a dinner of them. Let two rats have a difference of opinion, and agree to to decide the question by mortal combat. The moment the affair is concluded by the death of one of them, the ring, is broken, and both victor and vanquished are eaten on the spot. For this reason, an old rat will retire into solitude, and beat off intruders, regardless of sex.

☞ Some curious facts are presented in a recent lecture of Dr. Thudicum on the Turkish bath. The human body can bear 300 degrees of heat. The perspiration from a clean skin has an agreeable odor or none at all; while a disagreeable one is the product of an ammoniacal salt, formed of urea and volatile acid. The ventilation of the bulk of tissue, cellular and muscular, is the peculiar duty of the skin.



HOW TO DO IT.

Chevalier De Phillips, (*ever innocent of intentional industry.*)—Very sorry, Mrs. Jowls, that I can't accommodate you with that little insignificant trifle, but the depressing influence of the sad disaster at Bull Run, in conjunction with the failure of the great house of Stubbs & Co., have crippled the financial resources of your humble servant.

The enemy retires in confusion.

Agricultural.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ALLOWING FOWLS To Feed Themselves.

When fowls have access to grain all the time, we see them eat in the morning only a few kernels at a time, and after an hour or so, they will take a few kernels more, and thus they pass the entire day by eating a little at a time, and very often.

The philosophy of their eating so frequently and but a little at a time, is, the food has a sufficient time to become softened in the crop before it passes into the gizzard, and it has sufficient time to be thoroughly ground and digested; whereas, when fowls are not allowed to have access to their food, but are fed once or twice a day, they become very hungry, and swallow as much as their crops will hold at one feeding. Now for several hours, no food will be softened sufficiently to pass into the gizzard, consequently their grist mill must stand idle. Now the moistened grain swells and distends the crop of the fowl, and it feels by no means comfortable. Shortly all the food in the crop is in the proper condition to be ground, and the result is, that it is forced through the gizzard with so much rapidity that it is not half ground, and, therefore, cannot be half digested; and if it is not half digested, of course not half the nutriment, or egg-producing material, can be extracted from it. Nor is this the greatest drawback attending feeding fowls only once or twice a day. When a fowl fills its crop at one feeding, before the food can possibly get out of it, it begins to heat up, and derangement and ill-digestion follow, very much as in the case when we fill our stomachs as full as they can be crammed.

The way to feed fowls, and particularly those that are laying or being fattened, is to allow them to have free access to food at all times. In this way they can always supply the demand of their stomachs and grinding apparatus, exactly as food is needed; and they will fatten more rapidly, or lay more eggs and consume much less food than they will if they are fed all they will eat twice a day.

My practice now is, and always has been, to allow my fowls to have free access to corn in the ear all the time both summer and winter. Of course they are obliged to shell it for themselves. Occasionally we feed them screenings, and when we have no screenings we take a peck or so of wheat, and as much buckwheat, oats, barley or rye, and mingle them all together, and mix the grain with some chaff, so that they will not be as liable to consume as much of it at once as if it were clear grain; when we have an abundance of milk, we place a vessel containing it where they can find it at any time. In warm weather, after it has become loppered, they will consume, during the day, much more of it than one would suppose; and milk is as good to fatten poultry and make chickens grow, as it is for pigs; and it is one of the very best kind of food for any kind of poultry, when they are laying.—*Country Gentleman.*

Teaching Hogs to Destroy Thistles.—A writer in the Southern Homestead says:—"I will give a method of exterminating thistles which I have tested, and found effectual, and which costs nothing. It consists in teaching hogs to eat the roots of the plant. Tramp on the buds of a goodly number of the largest plants in the spring, and place on each bud a teaspoonful of salt; then turn your hogs on them. They will eat the roots of the salted plants first, and will thus acquire a fondness for the roots, and will continue to eat them daily as long as any can be found. If but one hog be educated in this way, he will teach the whole herd to eat them, and they will exterminate all on the farm."

☞ The value of the Union cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. What's the use of irritating ourselves about "the cost" of its preservation? It must be saved at any and every expense! Our fathers spent a quarter of the material wealth of the nation, when weak and poor, to establish our Republic, and surely their successors, rich and powerful, are not mean enough to refuse an equal expenditure in a noble effort to preserve it.

ONE THOUSAND WEEDS AT ONE PULL

A single pigweed, if left undisturbed, will ripen more than ten thousand seeds, each capable of producing a successor. The seeds of the dock sometimes number over thirteen thousand on a single plant, and the toad flax leaves provide for more than forty-five thousand plants the following year. Burdock multiplies twenty-one thousand fold, and the common stinging nettle ripens one hundred thousand seeds. Scarcely a weed comes to maturity without scattering from one to ten thousand or more seeds, to injure crops and annoy cultivators. This is not mere guess work, for pains-taking investigators have actually counted and calculated the increase. A single pull at the commencement of the season will destroy the whole progeny.

It should be remembered that seeds mature sufficiently to vegetate before they are perfectly dry; and again, that the seeds are ripe on one part of a plant while there are flowers on another. Hence it is not safe to wait till the flowers are gone, before pulling up the weeds. Attack them *before* they blossom. Pull them up, or, if annuals cut them off when quite green, and spread in the sun to die. He who allows the weeds to grow in his potato field until he harvests the crop, is quite sure to sow many millions of seeds for next year's trouble.

This much for annual and biennial weeds. Perennials, like the dock, daisy and thistle, should be treated with greater rigor. Cutting off the tops once will not suffice. Digging them up one by one, root and branch, is the only effectual remedy. Where they have invaded a whole field, plough up the land in the fall, leaving many of the roots exposed to the action of the winter's frost. Plough again in the spring, taking pains to pick out and carry off every root that appears. Devote the soil to some hoed crop, and let it be thoroughly cultivated through the summer, waging war on the pest without relenting. If they are cut off *below ground* several times in the summer, they will grow weaker at every decapitation. The leaves being the lungs of plants, are essential to their breathing, and if this important operation be stopped, they must soon give up the ghost. Remember, every extermination of a weed this year, is the death of a thousand of a future crop.—*Exchange.*

THE VALUE OF INDIAN CORN.

For the following interesting information in regard to this king of food, we are indebted to Hunt's Merchant's Magazine:

By those who do not know, or are too scientific to profit by the experience of nations of men and herds of fat cattle, Indian corn, rice, buckwheat, &c., are only considered good fodder. Leibig states that if we were subject to the same degree of cold as the Somoiedes, we should be able to consume the half of a calf and a dozen candles at a single meal. During excessive fatigue in low temperature, wheat flour fails to sustain the system. This is owing to a deficiency in the elements necessary to supply animal heat, and the strong desire for oleaginous substances, under these circumstances, has led to the belief that animal food is necessary to the human support. But late scientific experiments have led to better acquaintance with the habits of the North American Indians, and show that vegetable oil answers the same purpose as animal food; that one pound of parched Indian corn, or an equal quantity of corn meal, made into bread, is more than equivalent to two pounds of fat meat.

Meal from Indian corn, contains more than four times as much oleaginous matter as wheat flour, more starch, and is consequently capable of producing more sugar though less glutin; in other important compounds it contains nearly as much nitrogenous material. The combination of alimentary compounds in Indian corn renders it alone the mixed diet capable of sustaining man under the more extraordinary circumstances. In it there is a natural coalescence of elementary principles which constitute the basis of organic life that exists in no other vegetable production. In ultimate composition, in nutritious properties, in digestibility, and in its adaptation to the various necessities of animal life in the different climates of the earth, corn meal is capable of supplying more of the absolute want of the adult human system, than any other single substance in nature.

INVENTION OF THE SPINNING JENNY.

The following beautiful anecdote is related of Hargraves, the inventor of the Spinning Jenny:—

The invention had long engaged his attention, when one day he was observed to drop suddenly upon his knees, and roll on the stone floor at full length. He lay with his face toward the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burnt stick. Then he sat upon a chair and placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor; then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife—who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger—by a loud assurance that he had it; and taking her in his sturdy arms in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh, with his high-toned assurance that she should never again toil at the spinning-wheel—that he would never again "play," and have his loom standing for want of weft. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her in the arm chair, by laying her spinning-wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread. "Our fortune is made," he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor. "What will you call it?" asked his wife. "Call it? What an we call it after thyself, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny?'"

Newton's Apple.—Sir David Brewster, in his excellent Life of Newton, says that neither Pemberton nor Whiston, who received from Newton himself his first ideas of gravity, records the story of the falling apple. It was mentioned, however, to Voltaire, by Catherine Barton, Newton's niece, and to Mr. Green by Mr. Martin Folkes, the President of the Royal Society. "We saw the apple tree in 1814, and brought away a portion of one of its roots." The concluding remark reminds us of Washington Irving's hero, who boasted of having parried a musket bullet with a small sword, in proof of which he exhibited the sword a little bent in the hilt. The apple is supposed to have fallen in 1665.

Manners.—Many individuals keep their manners like something choice, to be displayed on special occasions only; and seem always on the lookout for an opportunity to wave and flash them. A child who was cautioned not to forget his manners when he was going abroad, replied—"Of course not; my best manners I carry in the pocket of my best pants, and my every-day manners in the pocket of my every-day pants." The practice is not confined to children.

☞ What the orators want in *depth*, they give you in *length*.—*Montesquieu.*

Useful Receipts.

Glazing Cloth.—The gloss put upon shirt collars made in factories is done by pressure and friction upon curved surface of hard pasteboard. The linen must be pressed upon a hard, smooth surface, or no gloss will be produced. Those who make it a business to dress linen have all the necessary appliances to glaze it. All kinds of cotton and linen cloth can be glazed by pressure and friction between smooth rollers; this is the way calico is calendered and glazed.

Baked Egg Plant.—Parboil it until it is soft enough to stick into the meat; then cut it just in half; scoop out the inside, leaving the hull; chop it very fine, and season very highly with pepper and salt, a good deal of butter, and a very little onion, and add crumbs of bread. Mix all well together, and return it into the hull; then strew crumbs of bread on the top, and bake it about an hour. If carefully coooked this is the best way to eat egg plant at dinner.

A Cheap Beer.—A very good, palatable and wholesome beer may be obtained from acorns and hops. It is slightly sparkling, eminently tonic and a febrifuge. The acorns are steeped in water for fifteen or twenty days, the water being renewed four or five times; they are then transferred to a cask, hops are added, the cask filled up with water, and the bung-hole lightly covered, but not stopped, as there is an escape of gas. In fifteen or twenty days the beer is fit to drink, and as fast as it is drawn off fresh water may be poured on. The cost is less than three pence per gallon. It would supply four or five persons for eight months, with a very excellent beverage.

Birdlime.—Boil the middle bark of the holly for six or eight hours in water, until it becomes tender; then drain off the water, and place it in a pit under ground, in layers of fern, and surround it with stones. Leave it to ferment for two or three weeks, until it forms a sort of mucilage, which must be pounded in a mortar into a mass, and well rubbed between the hands, in running water, until all the refuse is worked out: then place it in an earthen vessel, and leave it for four or five days to ferment and purify itself.—Should any of it stick to the hands it may be removed by means of a little oil of lemon bottoms or turpentine.

Vinegar.—To insure good cider-vinegar, it is safest to purchase it of some farmer who is known to have a cider-press, as so much of the beautiful vinegar we see is made from *a weed*, which eats and destroys the pickles.

Cucumbers.—Procure the smallest size; lay them in a wash-tub of cold water three days, changing them into another tub and fresh water three times a day then wipe them dry and put them in the jars with whole peppers, allspice, and mustard seed, and a handful of salt to each jar. Boil the vinegar three days in succession, and pour over them hot, till quite covered.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 72 letters.

My 32, 44, 58, 70, 6, 37, is one of the divisions of the globe.
My 28, 47, 46, 17, 45, 16, is a town in Russia.
My 33, 40, 11, 48, is a sea in Asia.
My 69, 50, 58, 67, 52, 2, 64, 27, 38, 72, 15, 62, is a bay in Great Britain.
My 51, 32, 14, 4, 13, 12, is an ocean.
My 56, 49, 35, 66, 20, 54, 22, 41, 59, 8, is a canton in Switzerland.
My 41, 5, 29, 8, 28, 55, 45, 37, is a city in France.
My 15, 71, 39, 24, 45, is a city in Africa.
My 3, 10, 40, 23, 53, 65, 26, is a city in Prussia.
My 60, 70, 62, is a river in Russia.
My 31, 72, 46, 18, 63, 49, 62, is a city in Germany.
My 34, 13, 30, 24, 36, 16, is a town in Turkey.
My 1, 25, 14, 47, 7, is a mountain in Italy.
My 8, 68, 43, 26, 3, is a city in France.
My 9, 19, 12, 21, 61, 39, is a group of isles in the Mediterranean.

My whole is an enterprise devoted to the fine arts. H.

Lexington, Missouri.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 6, 11, 4, was the goddess of revenge.
My 4, 3, 4, 7, 12, 9, winds which blew from the north for forty days after the setting of the dog-star.
My 12, 2, 12, 7, was the messenger of Juno.
My 5, 1, 10, 7, was the god of war.
My 13, 4, 8, 4, 7, 12, 7, was the goddess of vengeance.
My 3, 12, 11, 9, 13, was the son of Cœlus and Vesta, who dethroned Saturn and kept him imprisoned until released by his son Jupiter.

My whole is the name of one of the contributors to "The Riddler." A. D. YOUNG.

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in sea, but not in land.
My 2nd is in finger, but not in hand.
My 3rd is in come, but not in stay.
My 4th is in lane, but not in way.
My 5th is in sand, but not in beach.
My 6th is in school, but not in teach.
My 7th is in oil, but not in seed.
My 8th is in fodder, but not in feed.
My 9th is in nation, but not in sect.
My whole is a word which all will recollect.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Ohio.
A group of islands in Asia.
One of the United States.
A river in Europe.
A cape in Africa.
A falls in the United States.

The initials form a town in the old world; the finals, place of situation. SAM. LAIRD.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in send, but not in go.
My 2nd is in reap, but not in sow.
My 3rd is in wager, but not in bet.
My 4th is in rain, but not in wet.
My 5th is in rich, but not in wealthy.
My 6th is in sound, but not in healthy.
My whole is the name of a distinguished man.
Now guess this riddle if you can.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A and B, started at the same time from two different cities, C and D, which which are 300 miles apart, and travelled towards each other on the same road. A travelled at the rate of 4 miles, and B 5 miles per hour. When A had proceeded 96 miles he overtook a drove, and when B had gone 120 miles he was overtaken by an express. When the drove and express met they ascertained that if they continued to travel at the same rate they had been travelling, the drove would get to D in 58 hours and 40 minutes, and the express would arrive at C in 20 hours and 40 minutes. Required—the speed of the drove and the express? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer's wife was going to market to sell some chickens, when she was met on the road by a person who bought the half of her chickens and the half of one more without killing any of them, she then sold to a second person the half of those remaining and half a chicken more, also without killing any; and to a third person she sold the half of the remainder and half a chicken more, still without killing any; and this disposed of the whole of her stock before she reached the market. How many had she?

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What bites sharper without teeth than with them? Ans.—Scissors.

☞ Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Ans.—They want carrying out.

☞ When does a man sneeze three times? Ans.—When he cannot help it.

☞ Why was Herodias the fastest woman of her day? Ans.—Because she got a head of John the Baptist on a charger.

☞ Why are soldiers apt to be tired in the month of April? Ans.—Because they've just gone through a March.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Congress on the Fourth of July, one thousand seven hundred and seventy six, declared to the world that these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states." CHARADE.—Humming-bird. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—B got $1236.95; C got $1012.05.

☞ It is stated that in a certain locality in California, the quartz is so rich that a pound and a-half of gold is extracted from every pound of rock.